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ROUGH AND SMOOTH.

A Nobel

BY THE AUTHOR OF

“RECOLLECTIONS OF A FRENCH MARCHIONESS.”

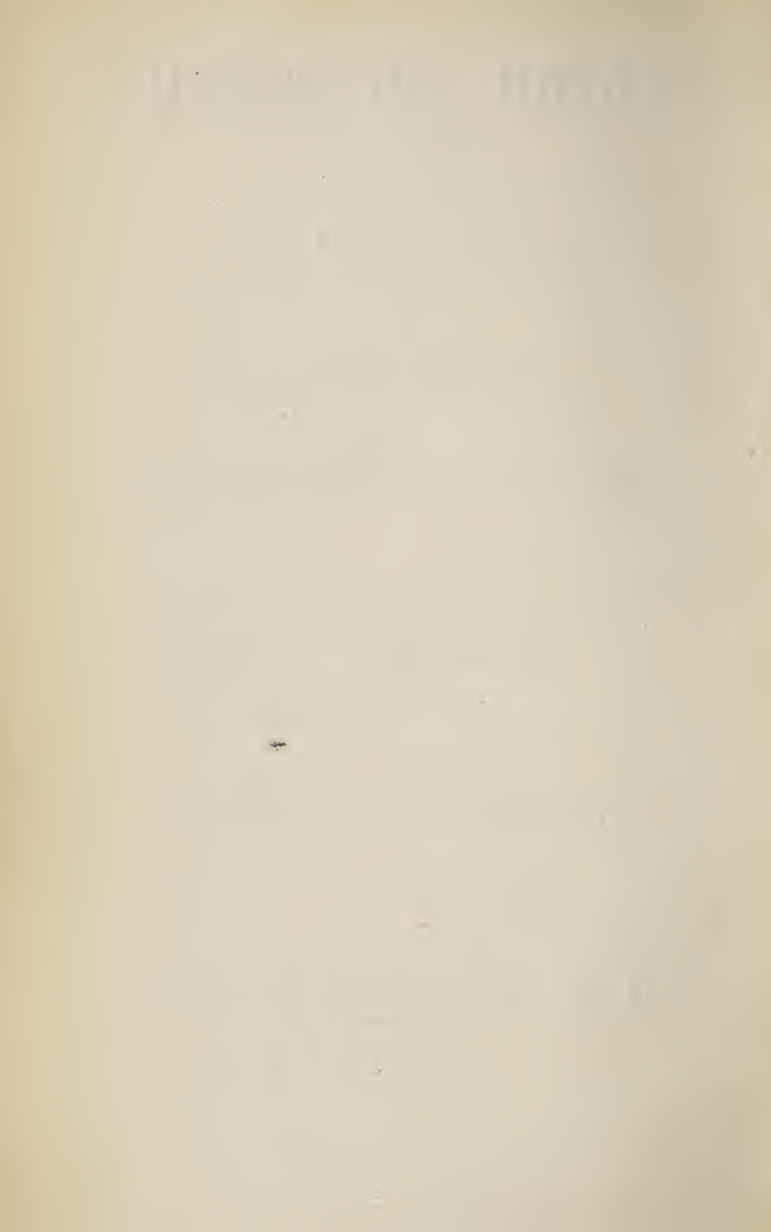
“The earth hath bubbles as the water has,
And these are of them.”

Macbeth.

IN THREE VOLUMES.—VOL. III.

T. C. NEWBY, LONDON.

MDCCCXLIX.



ROUGH AND SMOOTH.

CHAPTER I.

IT may easily be imagined how deep a gloom was cast upon the little *coterie* at the farm, by the death of the poor mate. As for Richard Horn, he was cast down as one who mourned for a brother. He thought that he could no longer remain a guest with his kind entertainers, now that his friend was removed, and he felt homeless and friendless once more.

But he thought wrong, his presence was invaluable now, it was the mother's greatest comfort to sit and question the shipmate of her lost one, and many a long hour she sat and listened to all he had to say on such a fruitful theme. Susan evidently participated in this feeling, for somehow, whenever he was holding forth, she was sure to be there an anxious listener.

One day, however, he happened to be alone with Mrs. Winton. Richard had been enquiring most anxiously about his brother's family, and had listened with the most profound attention to every particular that she could supply. He then took the opportunity of telling her that he was about to take leave of his kind friends at the farm. Betsy earnestly besought him to stay, and assured him, that pleased as they had been to receive him before, he was doubly welcome now. If he wished to follow up his occupation, and was bent upon going to sea again, she hoped he would return

to them, and consider their home his, until he found a better; and she was carrying out poor Robert's last wishes in pressing him to make use of their house and family, homely as it was. As to his secret, he might rely upon her preserving it inviolate, not a word had she breathed to living soul.

Richard felt quite overcome by the good woman's warm-heartedness; he recollected what an outcast he was elsewhere, and how he had been treated here. His throat appeared closing together, when he attempted to say a few words in gratitude. He would partake of their hospitality until he went afloat again; he never desired a better home than theirs, and he entreated her to continue to preserve his secret, of which, for family reasons, she must perceive the importance.

One fine morning, Dick Horn started off on an expedition to the metropolis. His former shipmates would scarcely have recognized him now, had they fallen in with him, as the same

with whom they had so lately paced the deck, for he had been to the expense of a new rig—to use his own expression, “he had bent a new set of sails,” all black, to do honor to the memory of his departed friend. Had any “detectives” been in force in those days, they certainly would have watched him narrowly, for the clothes seemed by no means to belong to him, and the deep chest and immense span of shoulders seemed cruelly cooped up under the jet surtout and waistcoat. A new beaver with a broad crape crowned his *peak* : in short, there had been great outlay to make him what he was, and if “Moses and Sons” had been then in vogue, it would have been remarked that five minutes had been well bestowed in the outfitting department of that magnificent establishment !

Whither was he bound ? Evidently on some important mission as could be perceived by the air in which he piloted his way through the crowded streets. In due course of time he en-

tered the counting house of the Messrs. Tannards' in Bishopsgate Street, and presented his cheque. A sleek clerk received it and handed it to an elderly gentleman, with a bald head and spectacles. This latter referred to a big ledger, and then said it was perfectly correct, and they had received advices on this point.

"You are the person named here?" said Mr. Tannard, for it was he, coming forward, and throwing his glasses up on the top of his forehead.

"I am," replied the nautical.

"You are William Bunker then?"

"That is the name I go by."

"Is it not your real name?" enquired the elder, smiling affably, and leaning across the counter.

Horn sympathised for the fate of live lobsters in boiling water, for he felt himself growing red all over, as the old gentleman peered into his physiognomy. He floundered and stammered out at last, that it was a pre-

valent custom of sea-faring folks to ship under other names than their own.

“An alias may doubtless be convenient to certain persons on some occasions,” observed Mr. Tannard; “but, generally speaking, it is prejudicial.”

Dick’s cheeks grew hotter and hotter, lest he might be mistaken for an escaped convict or other respectability of that sort.

“For instance,” continued the merchant, “suppose any body left you a legacy, there might be a difficulty in proving your identity.”

“That’s a piece of luck that’s not very likely to happen to me,” interrupted Richard, regaining his composure.

“No! perhaps not, nor to me, nor to any one; but there’s no saying.”

“In such a case, let them advertise, I’ll be bound I turn up fast enough! ha! ha!”

“Should you object to confide your real name to me?” said the persevering old file.

"I don't see any use in that, unless you have a legacy in prospect for me," replied the other.

"Well, what address do you give?"

"You will hear of me at 'Kenworthy and Chips,' the ship-owners," said Horn, after a little consideration.

"Very well," nodded Mr. Tannard; "the only reason I had for asking was, that our old friend and client, Mr. Brown, informed us that you had been instrumental in saving his life in a very gallant manner, and he instructed us, if you called, to say, that he should be glad to be of further service to you, in case of need. That was all! If you like to leave your money in our hands, we shall be happy to open an account with you, and we allow four-per-cent interest on deposits?"

"Thank you, sir, all the same, but I am in immediate want of the money."

"Just as you please about that," and the

man of business retired to his desk, and having brought down his glasses to bear upon his sight, was soon lost in his ledger to the presence of the pseudo Bunker.

Dick stood at the counter rubbing his chin, while a clerk counted out his money; he felt strongly impelled to ask some particulars of the generous donor, whether by chance he could be the same Richard Brown, whose Christian name he bore? It would be curious if he were, and yet—and yet—and yet—he had decided, “the least said is soonest mended.” The cash was pronounced ready—so he rapped his hat firmer on his head, made a bow, and vanished.

From there Richard shaped his course to the river, where he took boat, and was carried to Rotherhithe, and paid the waterman more than he asked, for he was now in *capital* spirits. His design was to see Messrs. Kenworthy or Chips. He saw the latter; a little

man, thin as his name imported, but bustling and with a sharp eye to business, good-natured and civil withal, and from his looks, however spare, well to do in the world.

Young Horn introduced himself, and stated that his business was to announce the death of Robert Winton. Mr. Chips said they feared, from what they had heard, that that was the case, and that they had lost a good servant, or rather officer, as he should say, in young Winton. He then complimented the seaman, who stood hat in hand before him, on his meritorious conduct in the affair of the barque "Indus," and remarked that such things were very creditable to the merchant service in general, and to the crews of their vessels in particular, which, although he, perhaps, should not say it, had always done their duty, and he hoped they ever would.

Mr. Chips expressed a wish that he would ship with them again, he had heard a good account of him from the master of their brig,

and she was to sail as soon as she could receive her freight.

Mr. Bunker pronounced himself available for their service, as soon as he received his sailing orders, and made his bow.

“Farmer!” said Bunker—for it were better to adopt his alias for the time—as they sat up alone that evening moistening their clay after his return from London, “Farmer,” said he again, after swallowing a mouthful of grog, “I have a great favour to beg of you.”

“Well, my lad, you know that I will do it if I can.”

“You can do it, so promise you will do it first of all.”

“No, no, younker! I was’nt born yesterday, you must excuse me on that score,” replied the old fellow, nodding his head and looking very knowing, “if it be anything about petticoats, mum’s the word and fire away—”

“It’s nothing about petticoats! It is some-

thing you can do very easily, and you'll set my mind at rest, won't you promise now?"

"Bunker!" replied the farmer, looking solemn, "I look upon you as a son, now that my last poor boy is dead and gone—" (the old man drew his sleeve across his eyes), "I feel very grateful for your kindness to him, I would not pledge my word to any one else, but I'll promise you—"

"Thank you, thank you, sir!" exclaimed Bunker, grasping his hand, "you won't be angry at what I am going to say, I am sure," said he knocking the ashes out of his pipe and laying it on the table; "here are two hundred pounds," he continued, taking a pocket-book out of his breast pocket, "it is the price of saving an old gentleman at sea, whom I never thought of saving, for I didn't know that he was there.—What am I to do with it, it's no manner of use to me, seeing that I am well found in everything?" and he glanced down to

his new suit;—"I have been offered a berth to-day, and shall be afloat again, before the moon's at her full, and as you know very well a flimsy bank-note is as much use a-board ship as a marlin-spike would be to a cock canary-bird!—so what am I to do?—Now, farmer, you and your good woman have been like a father and mother to me, and I ask of you to keep your pledged word and to accept this pocket-book and its contents, for the sake of one whom you have befriended! You know that there is a little bit of land, which you have long wished to call your own?"

Old Winton looked him in the face for some moments, then covered his eyes with his hands.

"Bunker!" he exclaimed, suddenly jumping up, "give us your hand!—Good boy, good boy—God bless ye!—D—ne 'tis too much for me, I wish poor Bob may hear us now!—I take your money! I wouldn't touch a farthing of it, to save the last ship in his Majesty's

navy from settling to the bottom! D— me if I do!”

“Ha! farmer, but you must, you’ve promised—”

“Then I cast my promise to the winds, and let the nor-nor-east blow it to the Bay of Biscayo!—*I* touch your money, when you nursed poor Robert like a brother?”

“Like a brother,” repeated Bunker to himself, he thought on those words for a little;—“Hark ye, Master Winton!” said he, “I nursed your son, good, but I am indebted to him all I possess now, even to my life! Had I not fallen in with him, I am ashamed to own that I should have made away with myself, so wearied was I with misery!—so for your dead son’s sake relieve me of this weight of money!”

The old boy, however, was as firm as a rock, but evidently highly gratified at the pertinacity, and yet withal the delicacy with which his young friend urged his suit.

One morning Bunker received a post-letter.

It was from Messrs. Kenworthy and Chips desiring to see him as soon as possible. So he made a final attempt with his best eloquence to induce Mrs. Winton to dissuade her husband from his obstinacy, but she proved, if anything, the more inexorable of the two, they even excused themselves from taking charge of it, and urged him to replace it at interest in the hands of Tannards and Co. Bunker at length agreed to do so, and his little kit being stowed, he then declared himself 'all a-taunto,' and hearty farewells and mutual blessings were exchanged, as there was a possibility of his not returning before he put to sea.

The day after brought a letter to the farm, written in high spirits, by Bunker, informing his kind friends of his great luck in being appointed mate of the Saucy Jack.

'This again I owe,' he wrote, "to the one who is taken from us. I wish, with all my heart, that it had not fallen vacant; but as

I am now on the high road to fortune, I have made a will, and left *somebody* my heir!"

And there he must be left for the present, to shape his course as best he may, over

"The waters of the dark blue sea."

CHAPTER II

ALL was bright, and beaming and happy-looking at The Retreat. Summer-days were at their height again. The bee and ant were busy in providential care; butterflies fluttered about, geraniums sent forth sweet odours, and the river shone as it glided past.

Yet, not all was happy-looking there—the mistress was pale and listless, drooping whilst all things around were invigorated. Flower-scents stole past her unnoticed, the richness of Nature was lost upon her.

And no wonder, the vision of life with her was over—all things around tended to remind her of happy days that were gone, and of dreams of unrealized bliss in store when her child was to be born!

Poor Ellen was left fainting on the floor, it may be recollected, and long she lay there. Consciousness was just returning when her maid entered the room. She shrieked at seeing her mistress prostrate, and, believing her dead or dying, was flying for assistance, but Ellen had just sense enough to speak and stay her *in limine*.

Ellen groaned in spirit as the remembrance of the indignity that had been offered to her flashed across her mind. She sent down word to Absalom to mention quietly to his master, that she wished to speak with him. Her husband replied that he would come presently—but still he came not: an hour passed, and another long, dreary, anxious hour was added to that, and still she was waiting. She took

courage and forwarded another message, that she was ill, and had something of importance to say—he had the brutality to answer, “that he was in the midst of a game of cards, and could not come!”

Hour after hour he sat there, losing his money, and it was grey morning ere he passed noiselessly to his bed. His wretched wife, worn out with watching, had at length fallen asleep, and he was glad of it!

She seized the first opportunity, next morning, of apprising him how she had been insulted, her eyes flashing the while she spoke. To her utter surprise and consternation, Adrian evinced no emotion whatever at her recital! He heard it with all the placidity or indifference in the world, rather throwing the weight of his support in Davenport’s scale, by reminding her how prejudiced she had ever been against him by her mother, whose hatred of him he knew to be implacable, that therefore he was prepared to expect that the acts

and intentions of his friend Miles would be misconstrued and perverted, that probably if anything had occurred it was some simple joke exaggerated.

“Do you call kissing your wife a simple joke?” burst out Ellen, who could control her indignation no longer. “Have you not the manliness—the spirit—to dare to avenge your wife’s honor, of which you should be as jealous as of your life?”

“Bow-wow-wow ! Very fine indeed—I don’t intend to be jealous of anything. When I am insulted, I shall know how to avenge myself.”

“But surely, Adrian—”

“Now don’t bother!” exclaimed he, petulantly interrupting her; “for Heaven’s sake, I have enough to think of; and I am not well to-day! I will speak to him about it; I am not going to shoot the man, before I hear what he has to say!”

So there was an end of that for the present.

When Horn went out, which he did immediately after breakfast, he at once repaired to Davenport's and although he was out of humour with the rest of the world, he had smiles still for the genius of Tagg's Alley. For, to say truth, the young man had lost money over-night; and ready money was getting short with him, and bills (not small ones) were falling due. As ill-luck would have it, there was a depression in the share-market, and in every market; it would be considered folly to sell then, for things were sure to right themselves in a little time; and Horn did not relish the humiliation of asking his wife to dispose of any more of her stock just at present, so he looked to Miles as the friend in need to make him the advances necessary for present exigences.

Davenport eyed him curiously as he entered, with a view to discover how he bore the insult of the preceding night; but he quickly de-

tected that he came with no hostile intentions.

“Well, shall you be able to let me have the money?” enquired Adrian, after a few prefatory remarks.

“If I possibly can, I will,” replied the other, who appeared in a very condescending mood that morning; “at all events you shall have half now, and the rest this evening, even if I sell my bed for it, that you may not be disappointed; but money, as you know, is frightfully tight in the city, and everywhere else, I believe.”

“There’s a good fellow, I knew you would do it, if you could! By the bye, my wife is in a desperate rage with you, ha! ha!”

“Is she indeed? I feared there would be some misapprehension—but what does she say?”

“Oh! she says that you insulted her, and that I must call you over the coals. You had

better keep out of her way, if you don't wish to get your eyes scratched, I assure you! I told her that she must be mistaken."

"The bare facts are these, my dear Horn. You were all a little too boisterous for me last night, and so for peace and quiet I went to the drawing-room. There I had to fight your battles manfully, for your wife—and I don't wonder at it—is cruelly jealous of you, and has not yet forgotten your peccadillos, you sly dog! Mrs. Horn was not to be appeased, and would hear no more; she was about to leave the room just as I heard old Vamp, who was half drunk, on the stairs, and the rest of you about equally sober; deeming that an imprudent moment for her to meet them, I took the liberty of running to the door and closing it: your wife took fright, and fancied, I believe, that I intended some violence, which was most foreign to my purpose.—Here's the money! let me see, what was I saying?—I am very sorry that your wife should view my conduct in that light;

pray express my abject contrition for any annoyance that I may unintentionally have caused, and I am quite ready to make any acknowledgment that she or you may think proper!"

"Oh; think no more of it, I am sure I shan't; I will set it all smooth with her. Only you know—a woman—a woman—"

"A woman's an Angel, and so say nothing against the sex!" said Davenport, finishing the sentence, which Adrian was floundering in vain to terminate. "Call again this evening, you shall have the rest of the money!"

So the friends parted, and as soon as the door was closed, Miles applied the thumb of his dexter hand to the prominent feature of his face, and extended the fingers in the direction that Horn had passed out; or, as the act has been more happily described, "he extended a finger of scorn to a nose of contempt!"

When Horn next met his wife, he knew not exactly what to say, for he saw that she

awaited an explanation. He warded off the subject as long as he could ; at last she put the question direct, had he seen Mr. Davenport ?

“ Oh ! yes, I omitted to mention, I spoke to him about your affair, and found that it was just as I expected, a mere nothing—a *bagatelle*, quite a mistake on your part, which you appear anxious to make the most of. He endeavoured to prevent your making a fool of yourself before the rest of the gentlemen—I really believe that you ladies fancy that your beauty is so overpowering, that a man cannot look upon you without losing his senses ! He desired me, however, to express his regrets that you should have supposed yourself aggrieved, and that it was far from his intention to annoy you. Besides, Davenport is too good a friend of mine to insult my wife, and so—there’s an end of it. In my opinion, you are the one from whom an apology is due !”

Ellen gazed at him after he had ceased speaking as if doubting her senses that she had

heard aright. She answered not a word, but clasped her hands together, in solemn agony of mind.

It was quite certain that the posture of affairs could not remain thus much longer; each day seemed but to aggravate the misery she endured. She requested his permission to go and stay with her mother for a few weeks; the state of her health required some change of scene. He peremptorily, and in no very courteous terms, refused her. He did not see why her health should be any better there than at home, and he believed that home was generally considered the proper residence for a wife, besides he knew right well what sort of lectures would be delivered by that prejudiced old woman, instilling hatred and mistrust of himself and friends.

She then besought him with tearful eyes to allow her to retire to The Retreat.—No, he did not intend to keep up two establishments,

it was as much as he could do to maintain one.—She assured him that she would be so parsimonious that it would prove an economical arrangement.

Oh, go to the—anywhere you please—I care not, and the sooner the better!” and so saying, he hurried out of the room, and soon after the slamming of the street-door announced his exit from the house.

Ellen acted promptly on his words, as speedily as possible. That afternoon she quitted the house with her child and nurse, leaving a farewell note on Adrian’s table, which, had he had but the heart to feel, should have recalled him to himself. She called at her mother’s and told her the step she had taken. Mrs. Moreton was still a prisoner to her room, and the daughter would fain have rested there by the sick couch, but she recollected Adrian’s rebuke, so she went on her way, and the tears gushed out afresh as she neared the well-known gates,

at the thought of the joyful feelings which animated her when she first sought admittance there.

Another cause for annoyance had presented itself. Old Hoskyns had written to refuse being in co-trusteeship with Davenport. He did not mince the matter, as they say, but spoke, or rather wrote, his determination of resigning his trust, if he were to be associated in any way with a man whom he considered a swindler!

Ellen foresaw another storm with her husband; he would immediately impute Mr. Hoskyns' refusal to some underhand machination of hers or her mother's, and the breach between them would be widened. So Ellen judged it best to write off to Mrs. Moreton, and beg that she would exert her influence to alter Mr. Hoskyns' determination; that she considered it essential to her present welfare that her husband's wishes should be carried out in this matter.

With the best intentions she erred in judgment here, for had she been able to see more deeply, she would have known that the absence of Hoskyns' right of supervision, would be the greatest relief to Davenport and his friends.

Mrs. Moreton's feelings towards Miles Davenport were well known, so that it was no wonder that three sheets of paper were written upon and severally destroyed, before she could nerve herself to become the exponent of her daughter's wishes to her respected old friend in this matter. But she did it at last, and successfully too, and when the reply arrived she regretted her penmanship, for Mr. Hoskyns had yielded to her unwilling request.

That gentleman had now retired almost entirely from business, and with his daughter resided in the country, making only occasional visits to the Metropolis. The worthy man was a staunch friend of the Moreton

family, and wrote that upon consideration he had consented to the arrangement, because he feared his vacancy would be supplied by some confederate of Davenport's, and that as the money was *de facto* vested in Mrs. Horn's own hands, under ordinary circumstances the duty of trustees was almost nominal, consequently he and Mr. Davenport were not likely to be brought into contact, as far as he (Hoskyns) could exercise control, he would not consent to the slightest deviation from the letter of the deed, and he would carry out, as far as he was able, the intentions of the devisee to their utmost extent.

Ellen had been now some days at the Retreat, but had not as yet passed the boundary of the garden. One fine morning, however, she summoned her resolution and determined to walk over to Dumpton Farm; little Nell and her nurse were to bear her company. She was anxious to display her treasure (now be-

come, if possible, dearer to her than ever) to Mrs. Winton, who she felt sure would allow that, however faded the mother's looks might be, the child had thriven mightily since they parted.

There was such a welcome for them at the farm, the kind souls were thoroughly pleased with the visit. Ellen sympathised with the mother's grief, as she learnt, for the first time, the loss she had sustained, and Betsy, in the excess of excitement, nearly betrayed her fidelity by wishing to impart to Mrs. Horn her admiration of the character of her brother-in-law. The baby received her meed of praise, and was dandled incessantly from one to the other, each being emulous to have a turn at her.

Ellen consented to stay and share their dinner, for the long walk had bestowed an appetite, and they enquired where her husband was, and they were told with a sigh, that he

had business in London and could not come ; then Ellen arose to depart, having passed some hours there, but not before she had promised to come and see them soon again.

CHAPTER III.

How did Adrian Horn bear his wife's absence? was he melancholy and desponding, softened and repentant? Not a whit! he gave a dinner in celebration of the event. He declared he was now without restraint, that he should take his ease, and that there was no one to hinder him. He appeared much more reckless of late, and Davenport was the first to notice it. Business he had scarce any; what he had, he neglected; he went often to Mrs. Massingham's;

Davenport told him, that she had organized some small card-parties, and they might meet there every night. And so they did, for Miles seemed to have got the better of his jealous sulks, and was to be found there as often as heretofore, and cards went on all the evening, and when Mrs. Massingham retired, which she did generally at an early hour, they still played on, and staked higher. Cards had little attraction for Horn, but to Mrs. Massingham he was devoted. The cards and the company he voted a great bore, and he often begged that he might come and see her in the morning, when she was more likely to be alone; but she generally found some pretext for excusing herself, and on a few occasions, when he called at a venture, he was not admitted. What struck him as strange in her conduct was, that her manner was much more agreeable and cordial to him when Davenport was present, than in his absence.

One day, about dinner-time, he was saunter-

ing down Bond-street, uncertain where he should dine, when he fell in with Mortimer.

“What are your plans?” enquired he.

Horn told him that he hardly knew, for that he was on the *loose* now, his wife having deserted and gone to rusticate.

“If you will put up with a bad dinner, come and take pot-luck with me; I dare say there will be enough; and we can go to the play, or do what you please afterwards?” said Mortimer.

Adrian thanked him, and declared he should like nothing better. So Mortimer put his arm in his, and carried him off to his apartments, which were close at hand. A very pretty, stylish little lady, with very black eyes, and a very white skin, was there, whom the captain introduced to him as Mrs. Mortimer. After washing their hands in the dressing-room, dinner was announced, and the trio sat down. Fish and some beef-steaks comprised the repast.

"I told you what you had to expect," said the host.

"Can't be better," replied the guest, "a favorite dish of mine; and I have made an excellent dinner!"

They soon rose from the table; there was not much to detain them, and the gentlemen had arranged to go to the Haymarket—so they took their hats.

"Nice little woman that," thought Horn, as he made her his best bow.

"We shall be back early to supper, Carry!" said Mortimer, and they left the room.

The theatre was crowded; but Mortimer had a large acquaintance there of all degrees, and Horn cocked his hat on one side to look knowing, and experienced a silent pleasure in being in such good company. Before the performance had concluded, Mortimer voted it a bore, and asked if his friend had had enough, and was ready to depart; the pliant Adrian at once assented, and they quitted the house.

They had some confabulations in the street with those they met, but Mortimer was evidently in a hurry.

They found Mrs. Mortimer waiting, and the supper-table laid out; there were some extra places, and the captain observing that Horn noticed them, explained that they seldom supped alone, stray guests were apt to fall in uninvited, and that was a friendly act which pleased him, and he hoped that Horn would do the same.

The anticipation was shortly realised, for scarcely had they sat down than Herr von Schimmel made his appearance, and quickly afterwards there was another ring, and Mr. Wiggle entered. The liberal host expressed great satisfaction at seeing them.

The supper was dispatched, and the table wheeled away.

“Now let’s have something to drink!” cried Mortimer, and he begged that he might brew for Horn, which he did, in a large tumbler.

Adrian thought it rather stiff; but he sipped it, and declared that he liked it. A card table was now brought forward; but Horn chuckled to himself as he thought that they would not catch him there, and he hoped that it might afford him an opportunity of doing the agreeable to the pretty little hostess, but he was disappointed.

“Horn, my dear fellow,” said Mortimer, turning round on his chair, “you are not fond of cards, I know, so help yourself to some punch, and look on, and take a lesson at whist, or amuse yourself with that portfolio of sporting prints. Carry, we must enlist you, if you please, *faute de mieux*.”

Carry, however, made some objections that she did not like playing any more than Mr. Horn did, that she hated cards, that she could not understand the game, that she could not recollect a single card, and that she was only scolded for her pains.

“And why,” said she, “can’t you have a dummy?”

“Yes, why not have a dummy?” urged Horn, backing up her suggestion.

“I hate a dummy! You’ll break up our game, if you don’t come, and so you must!” replied Mortimer.

“If I must, I must. I only hope you won’t scold me much,” said Mrs. Mortimer, rising with some reluctance, and taking her seat at the table.

Horn felt some awkwardness whilst this scene was being enacted, for his gallantry should have made him offer himself and save her from being victimised; but he flattered himself that he was “wide awake,” and with that consciousness he pretended to be poring over the portfolio of prints.

They drew for partners; Mortimer and Carry were together.

“Worse luck to me!” observed he.

The game proceeded quietly for some time. At length, Mortimer rapped out a good round oath.

“How could you play that card, Carry? Has he not trumped that suit from the beginning?”

The lady said she was very sorry she had forgotten it.

“What a fool you must be then!”

On they went again, but she soon appeared to have committed another mistake—

“Upon my life, that’s too bad, Carry, you must have done it on purpose! Well, for heaven’s sake, play the next game better!”

“This is dull work for you, Horn, I fear, and not very civil in us,” said Mortimer, whilst the fresh deal was going on.

Adrian declared he was very well amused.

“What, have you not finished sipping that glass of punch yet?—why you’re not half a fellow,—I am afraid you don’t like it?”

Horn assured him it was very good, and

toasted it off, and helped himself again, to show that he was not afraid. He was planning an escape in his vacillating mind, but he feared it would appear "slow," to be the first to retire.

"Poor Mrs. Mortimer had got into trouble again; she was in a sad scrape now. The Captain abused her in such a way, and with such language, that Adrian quite felt for her, and thought it unmanly conduct in her persecutor!

Again and again he rated her, in such terms too, worse and worse. She expostulated and said it was too hard upon her, as they had insisted on her playing, contrary to her wishes, but she met with no commiseration from her merciless partner, and at last on some imputed blunder, he flung his cards with an oath in her face!

Mrs. Mortimer burst into tears, the spirit of Adrian Horn was aroused, and he could brook this no longer—

"Pray, Madam, allow me to take your

place,—if these gentlemen will accept me,—I am no player, but I would rather do anything than that you should suffer this inconvenience,” said Horn, advancing to the table, and leaning over her chair.

“I am sure, sir, it is very kind of you—but it is taxing your good nature too much,” replied she.

“No, no, Horn, it would be a great bore to you, let her go on,—go on Carry!” said Mortimer.

But Horn still urged his entreaty—she with some apparent reluctance accepted his offer thankfully. Adrian was installed in her chair, and the lady helped herself to some wine and drank it on the sofa, which seemingly had the effect of quickly restoring her equanimity, and soon after she quitted the room.

Horn felt nervous at the predicament into which he had so unwillingly fallen, but he acquired confidence as he progressed, for he held

excellent cards. He won the game, a treble too, and his partner congratulated him.

“Well done, Horn,” said he, “you are not only in luck, but you have an excellent idea of the game, go on like that and we shall do!”

He did go on like that it appears, for he won the rubber with another treble. Mortimer was born a gambler. His mother must have been dreaming of the odd trick, which was to be won by a knave, at the time that the little Mortimer was on the road!

“Two trebles and the rub!” he exclaimed, evincing great glee, and rubbing his hands together. “Eight points. Bravo, partner! By George, sir, you played that last hand with judgment, difficult cards too! I can’t imagine your not taking an interest in the game, when you evidently so thoroughly understand it. Let’s cut for partners, and I will replenish your glasses.”

Horn and his fresh partner won the next

game, and ultimately the rubber. He chuckled and crowed, and discussed the last hand scientifically. The game was alive, and Adrian's excitement was great, but a confidence in his powers of winning had now dispelled the reluctance with which he had commenced. The bets had increased; from a guinea they had mounted to five pounds, and Adrian was the one who actually proposed that the stake should be higher! He was thoroughly imbued with the passion of the game, and he was the most eager of the party; his heart beat quick, and his cheek flushed; the others—old practised hands—seemed to take events very coolly, but with eyes like lynxes they watched most narrowly, and no move or turn of the novice escaped them.

Fortune is a fickle jade—Adrian lost, but he would regain!

“I'll double the bet if you like!” said he; his antagonist was agreeable. “Confound it! what a hand, one little wretched trump was

all I held!" said he, as he threw down the last card. He was unlucky, but he played on, though it was now with phrenzy—he looked wild—he played with desperation like a madman—he put his hand to his head, it was burning hot—he felt drowsy too, confused in his ideas—he could scarcely see the cards—and could recollect no more.

It was high noon next day, and Adrian still lay sleeping. There was a knock at his bed-room door—it was Absalom, to announce a gentleman who wished to see him.

"Who is it?—what's his name?—what does he want?" asked Adrian, in a very languid tone; but before he could be answered, Wiggle peeped over Absalom's shoulder and pushed his way into the room.

"Ah, Horn! how d'ye do! Late hours these, 'pon honor. Excuse my disturbing you, but I am in a hurry, and have to be off in another direction. Among gentlemen, debts of honor cannot be too quickly discharged, and

therefore I have taken the earliest opportunity of paying the fifty pounds I lost to you last night!"

Horn's dull eyes glistened at the sight of the bank-notes.

"Thank you," said he; "I am sure it is very kind of you, and, ridiculously enough, ha! ha! I had quite forgotten all about it!"

"*I* had not, you see," replied the lawyer; "you victimized me, ha! ha! In point of fact, you and I were the only losers."

"Did I lose?—what did I lose?" enquired Horn, somewhat anxiously, passing his hand across his forehead. "I begin to think that Harry Mortimer's punch was too much for me, for my head aches so terribly, and my mouth is so parched, and I cannot recollect anything about last night's transactions, except that I was winning at first—nor do I remember how I reached home!"

"Don't you really—that's curious! Harry Mortimer's brews are pretty stiff; he has a

strong head of his own, and I suppose he thinks his friends' have the same! You were very lucky at the beginning of the evening, but you lost considerably afterwards."

"Did I?—how much?"

"Oh, nothing for you!—a flea-bite to a man of your prospects! Besides, there is no reason why you should not win it all back again, and more too. You lost, I believe, three hundred to Mortimer."

"The devil I did!"

"And two hundred to the Baron!" continued Wiggle, coolly.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Horn, starting up in bed. "I had not the least idea of it—are you quite sure you are not mistaken?"

"Quite sure; but if I am, they will set you right, as they entered it in their betting-books. But those who play often, consider these things trifles. The chances are even, and what they lose to-night, they expect to regain to-morrow. Well, I must vanish, fly, be off and mizzle.

Horn, my dear boy, good day; you find my money correct, I think. Can I be of any use to you?"

"None, I thank you; and I am much obliged for this visit."

The designing pettifogger retired hastily, and Adrian threw himself on his face and groaned. He felt so wretched—so miserably desolate—so ill; his head was splitting, and there was none who cared for him! Yes, there was one! He thought of Ellen—his conscience smote him. How ill he had behaved to her! His child, too—a pang shot through his bosom, it was like a sword at his heart. He would write—he would go to Ellen; he would beg her to return—he required her, now, to soothe him and allay the fever that boiled in his veins—tears came to his eyes—

"Come in!"

It was Absalom again with a note. Horn told the boy to give him a glass of water, as he took the note from his hands. It was from

Mrs. Massingham—an invitation to dine that day!

“Dear creature!” thought he; “she has not forgotten me! Give me my blotting-book,” said he, aloud, and he quickly penned his acceptance.

Adrian then drew himself out of bed, and dressed, thinking it best to act upon Wiggle’s hint about ready-money transactions with men of honor. He went forth, and almost the first person he fell in with was Schimmel.

“Ah! *goot* morning, my very *tear* friend!” exclaimed the German, with an air of great surprise and pleasure at the *rencontre*. “How do you feel yourself *dis* morning, after sitting up so long?”

“Yes, so long that I have forgotten all about it!” interrupted Horn.

“You would play on,” continued the Baron, “although I begged of you to stop, for I *vas*—Got in Himmel! how tired I *vas*, and we were all sleepy. But as you had so kindly

sat down for our amusement, we did not like to leave off when you appeared to be taking a pleasure in the game!"

"Very considerate in you indeed; but I wish you had not been so infernally polite! and pray, on what terms did we leave off, as to profit and loss, as we say in business?" asked Adrian, wishing to test the accuracy of Wiggle's information.

"Why, let me see, it's only a trifle, I know," said the Baron, taking a note book from his pocket. "Yes, here it is, two hundred pounds! but pray think no more of it at present—at your convenience, it is of no consequence."

Horn replied that he had not so much about him at the moment; but that he would call with it in the course of the day, and remembering the example of Wiggle, said that the sooner such little affairs were settled the better.

"So then," thought Adrian, as he walked

away, "there can be no mistake about the matter; and I have lost all this money. That punch must have been more than ordinarily potent, so completely to have washed away all recollection!

"Oh! that men should put an enemy in their
mouths,
To steal away their brains!"

He proceeded to see Mortimer, who, as he entered, seemed to be studying the morning newspaper that lay out-spread on the table before him, with "Carry" at his side, evidently the best of friends. Harry confirmed the statement of Messrs. Schimmel and Wiggle, and now the only thing that remained for Horn, was to find the money.

"Talking of cards and money," observed Mortimer, carelessly, "as you are a good fellow, I will just put you up to a little plan of mine!"

So saying, he removed the newspaper, and there were cards arranged in little packets beneath.

“This is how we were engaged when you knocked, and not knowing who our company might be, we concealed our play thus, ha! ha! —it is no less than a plan to break the bank—not the Bank of England, but of all the hells in London! and to make the fortune of all my friends!”

He then proceeded to explain his plan, as he fancied that he had discovered a way by which he must win. Horn listened attentively, and pretended to be quite *au fait*, but in reality he had not the remotest conception of the manœuvre. Mortimer offered to take Horn with him, as soon as it should be matured, the success of which he seemed to be certain.

Adrian took his leave; Mrs. Mortimer never having made the slightest allusion to the events of the preceding evening.

Horn had now to consider the best course to

satisfy these unexpected creditors. He must dispose of some of his shares for the occasion, for he had long been out of money. He would go and consult Davenport. Davenport was not at home. Adrian confounded all cards, and his luck, and every body, and every thing, and he vowed if he could only win sufficient to pay these demands, he would never touch a card again as long as he lived!

He would take no measures for the present, he should meet Davenport in the course of the day, or most probably at Mrs. Massingham's, and he looked forward to the enjoyment of her society as the greatest consolation; he only wished he could flatter himself, that it would be *en tête-à-tête!*"

CHAPTER IV.

LONDON was dull and dreary—hot and disagreeable. The world of fashion had deserted and fled to refresh itself in the provinces, or on the water, or across the water. The smart equipages that lately so noiselessly rolled along the crowded streets, were laid up in ordinary, and the hammer-cloths and laced hats were packed in brown paper. The mansions of the great were shut up, and the little gentry closed their front-shutters, and lived at the back, hoping

to be mistaken for fashionables “out of town!” The clubs (there were fewer then) only exhibited old men with bald pates or greasy wigs, dozing at the doors and windows—the flies had taken possession of the pastry-cooks’ shops—boys played at marbles in the streets, or stopped before the fruiterers who threw away gooseberries and cherries—cabs went slower to make the most of a fare—the watermen at the stands sat upon the pumps—the drivers smoked—the horses slept, and the metropolis was quiet. All the professions were away, the doctors, the lawyers, all who *could* get away, that is, for the month of September had arrived, “the dead season,” as it is called, when men of any pretension feel ashamed to be in town, and strange people, who shuffled along in the season or walked through back streets, or were nowhere to be seen, now perambulated with a swagger, and were the heroes of the *pavě*! That September was a memorable month, it was the epoch of the panic.

Such a panic as the city had not witnessed since the days when John Law set the world mad with his Mississippi scheme! The great commercial crisis so often predicted, had at last arrived. The natural consequence of over-speculation, long foreseen, fell with sudden violence at length. The City was capsized, *bouleversé*, there is no better term,—the irruption of a volcano or the convulsion of an earth-quake, could not have more completely overwhelmed it! The man of straw—the stags of the market—still held their heads up and looked as bold as brass, but the capitalist, who with overweening lust to grow rich, fancying, Asmodeus-like, that all was to turn to gold,—the poor man who had risked his all, perhaps the savings of a long life,—these tottered and were ruined by the blow, and most of that gay throng who had gone for pleasure “across the water,” to dazzle with their gains, remained there by necessity, thankful that

they had escaped before flight had become suspicious!

The bubble was blown and had burst,—and a good thing too,—it reduced men to a servile, Mammon-worshipping, avaricious, grasping, selfish crowd, it elicited some of the worst feelings of our nature! It taught them to expect eminence without merit; it destroyed that independence of spirit in the manly struggle for fame, which alone constitutes greatness!

The prophets in the City (old croakers mostly) gloried in their prescience, as they declared “they told you so,” and the substantial houses prided themselves that they were not as others were, that they were satisfied with moderate profits!

Human nature is not only no better than it should be, but it is no better than it was or ever has been, and men and men are no wiser than they were. The same feelings are aroused, (however modified their form) whenever the

same causes exist. We are scarcely recovered now "from a panic," we feel it still,—some of the great actors are sufficiently marked; others are content to return to obscurity,—doubtless there will be another some day!

Adrian Horn had met Davenport, and with a long face had communicated his losses at cards. Miles listened with a smile, or rather a sneer of contempt.

"The rogues did not invite me," said he between his teeth.

"What am I to do?" asked Horn, "I must raise some money somewhere, and to do it by disposing of shares, would be ruinous at the present prices."

"What are you to do? don't pay them to be sure; it was all a trick, a deep-laid plan to rob you, of which you were the dupe. If they dun you, tell them as much, and more—that they gave you strong liquors to drink, which they drugged. If that does not satisfy them,

offer to shoot them, but I don't think they will give you further trouble."

"But Wiggle paid me fifty pounds," objected Horn.

"He was the plant, of course! Return him his money, (although it was yours originally, I presume) and there's an end of it."

Horn did not quite assent to this plan of Miles. It would be certainly very convenient for him not to pay, but it would be so very awkward—he had not the assurance to assert to their faces that they had cheated him, and as to his offering to fight them, that was all moonshine. At all events, he would consider of it; but he urged no further objections, and he allowed the subject to drop, for Davenport did not appear in a very agreeable mood.

"Can you let me have some money, Davenport?" said Adrian, after a pause, in a soft voice.

"Of course, I can't!" replied he, hastily, "I believe you fellows think I am a sponge

that you have only to squeeze, and out comes gold! besides, what security have you to offer? You may be ruined—we may all be ruined—then what's to become of these sums of money? I shall have nothing to show for them; even if I have, will they be convertible?"

"There are my shares."

"A very valuable commodity just now, their price getting lower and lower every hour—no thank you! On the contrary, I was about to ask you to lend me."

"*Me?* I am sure *I* have no money!" exclaimed Horn.

"No! but your wife has—the only advantage of one's own wife, that I ever heard of," replied Miles.

"I had rather not ask her, if possible," said Adrian, hesitating.

"I dare say not; but, if you stand upon ceremony, shall I do it for you?"

"Why, *you* are not much in her good graces," observed Horn.

“Of course it would be at the sacrifice of my personal feelings!” replied Davenport, “but I would do it for you and for myself—for money I must have.”

“It is not that I should mind asking her, but there is old Hoskyns, and that infernal old mother always in the way, and she is sure to consult them.”

“It’s your own fault,” said Miles, “for letting her leave town; why not order her back again? Let me think now, what’s best to be done.”

Davenport rested his chin on his hand, and weighed rapidly in his mind the pros and cons of the subject. He saw at once that Horn’s best chance of securing more money to himself, would be for him (Horn) to go at once and see his wife; but what would be the consequence? he would be talked over; he would put on a long face, and look miserable; and he would agree to accept the money on condition that he discontinued his pursuits—that

he abandoned his associates— and that he would return and live faithfully for ever and ever in the bosom of his family. He saw that Horn was frightened to death at the idea of losing his money, and that would be the probable result of his personal application, unless he (Davenport) were in the back ground, and his absence from London at present might be dangerous.

“Yes!” said he aloud, “you had better write, try it at all events, and mention a good round sum, while you are about it, for you won’t have another chance, I dare say—even if you obtain this.”

So a letter was concocted—a cunningly devised epistle—in which Horn was made to whine over his misfortunes, domestic and foreign, and to avow himself on the eve of bankruptcy. The immediate receipt of three thousand pounds would extricate him and save him from ruin; and he purposed, (provided

he was enabled to weather the storm) to wind up his affairs, and dis-connect himself from business !

When Ellen received this composition, she dried her eyes, and rejoiced over it. It seemed the harbinger of happier times, and hope, lately a stranger to her breast, revived. She wrote off such a reply, as woman only can pen, and which a woman's generosity and overflowing heart alone can dictate !

All that she had was his ! Alas, for his misfortunes, but, if she could save him, what happiness for her ! and if he came to live again at The Retreat, she should indeed be blest ! No word from her should ever offend him, and she begged his forgiveness for anything she may have said. There would still be sufficient means left for them to live upon, and if they were straitened, she was sure of her mother's willing assistance. She would not lose a moment in writing to Mr. Hoskyns, to acquaint

him with the urgency of the case, and that there was no time to be lost ; and she signed herself his wife, with undying affection.

Horn called to show his wife's answer to Davenport, he placed the letter open before him.

"There !—read that !" said he, with an air of triumph.

Miles, without comment, perused it, and then, folding it, returned it to the owner.

"Wait till you see the money !" said he. Davenport appeared to be again in one of his moody fits.

"Prices are very low in the city—everything is fearfully depressed," observed Horn.

"I know they are," replied the other.

"Everybody seems anxious to sell," continued Adrian.

"Yes. I have been expecting this fall, and have watched it approach for some time. It by no means takes me by surprise. And now, if I mistake not, is the moment for the wise to

make their fortunes. You will see, prices will fall lower and lower, till shares and every marketable commodity will be a drug, and then, men will bribe you with money, to take them off their hands. Some of these speculations must turn up trumps, some day, the trash will sink to the dogs, and carry their unlucky proprietors with them. It is on the ruins of the terrified speculators that I expect to build my fortune! It is a bold game, I own, but it's worth the stake. At all events, it is of the utmost importance to keep your head above water and sustain your credit as long as possible, for on the slightest suspicion getting wind that you are bothered or in difficulties, you will be preyed upon instantly; all will be clamorous, down to the lowest one-and-nine-penny shop-bill, and you will be overwhelmed by claims, which, perhaps, you could have settled had they been presented in due rotation. So look ahead, and mind your Ps and Qs—or, more correctly, your I.O.U.s."

Horn was quite aware of the depreciating tendency of the markets, because he had sold some shares that morning. With part of the produce, he designed to wipe off accounts with Messrs. Mortimer and Schimmel, for he lacked the moral courage to encounter those gentlemen unsatisfied, as also to incur the ridicule of Miles Davenport, so he kept the settlement a secret—an arrangement which the two honourable gentlemen were not at all inclined to disturb.

In the course of the day, Adrian called upon Mortimer and paid his demand; the Captain thanked him, and even obligingly offered to take charge of the Baron's share, as he said he expected to meet him by appointment. He also announced that his plan was matured and had succeeded admirably; if he chose to accompany him, that evening, to Stratton's, he might see its accuracy tested with his own eyes.

Horn said that he should be glad to do so, and he met Mortimer at the proper time.

Stratton's was in Piccadilly. Horn had never been in a gambling-house before. He felt ashamed as he entered : he hoped none recognized him, and like a novice, he fancied all eyes were intent upon him. He kept his head down as he followed Mortimer, who pushed his way through the by-standers, and they seemed to acknowledge his right to do so : a chair was offered to him, he took his seat at the table, as though he were one of the greatest familiars of the place.

Harry Mortimer was honest in this, so far, that he really held the delusion (with which many before and after him have ruined themselves) that he had detected, by force of calculation, a method by which he could win. He sat and watched the game—it was *rouge et noir*—and he noted the winning colors upon a card. At last he threw a small stake upon the cloth.

“Now's your time!” said he ; and Adrian, who was standing behind his chair, placed a guinea, tremblingly, on the same compartment.

They won. "Leave it there!" said Mortimer.
They won again.

Could you have seen Mortimer's face then, confirmed gambler was stamped in as plain characters as if they had been written there. The dilating, varying eye, its restless watchfulness, the contracted brow, the distended nostrils, the lips parted sometimes in expectation, or closed with dogged determination to abide events, and to await better luck, nervous twitchings and irritability all proclaimed the ruling passion.

They won again. Their eyes glistened.

"Let it remain!" again spoke Mortimer, noting the colour on his card.

The red again turned up, they won again. There was a little pile of gold congregating there. Once more they won; then the colour of the cards changed, and that of their cheeks also; the unrelenting rake of the croupier hurried it to the bank.

Mortimer bit his lips, when he found that his method was not infallible, and Horn felt in-

clined to cry with vexation that he had been induced, by his companion, to tempt fortune too severely. Mortimer set to work once more to watch the game; at length, a profound calculation pronounced the fortunate moment again arrived. He laid on his money, and he motioned to Adrian to do likewise; but before the latter could decide to play, the game had commenced, and he was too late. And fortunately, for the captain lost his money, and with a despairing glance, he rested his elbows on the table, and played no more.

Presently Horn, with some agitation, threw down a piece of gold—he won. He turned to Mortimer for advice how to proceed.

“Play your own game,” replied the captain, “you’re in better luck than I.”

Horn went on at random—he won everything—he played a bolder game now—fortune was all in his favor—other players left off to look at him—he had a hat-full of bank-notes before him. Mortimer asked him for the loan of twenty pounds.

“Willingly,” replied Adrian ; and he handed over to him the amount.

Well, the result of all this was that Horn came away a winner of five hundred and fifty pounds ; and Mortimer, with all his calculations, lost every farthing of his money, and Adrian’s twenty on the top of it !

Adrian considered that this was one of the happiest moments of his life ; he was in a most charmed state of excitability ; he was hardly sensible that he trod the earth, and felt a delightful scepticism as to whether his head or feet were uppermost !

“My dear fellow,” said Mortimer, as his *protegé* was skipping away, “since you have been so fortunate upon my introduction, would you mind lending me another twenty pounds?”

“With the greatest possible pleasure !” replied Horn, who at that moment would have done anything for anybody. “Will twenty be enough for you?”

“Well, as you are so obliging, and have an odd fifty, suppose you lend me that?”

A proposition which met with ready assent, and the two parted. Horn had this time wisely declined Mortimer's very pressing invitation to come and forage for what they might find in his larder, urging, as an excuse, the distance he had to return, (an objection which, in his own mind, he determined to remove next day, by engaging a lodging in a quarter more convenient to his pursuit), and thus he was enabled to carry the remainder of his booty safely home.

CHAPTER V.

WHAT was likely to be the result of that evening's success at the gambling-table? Why, that Horn would become enamoured of play, and thinking his luck uppermost, he would indubitably go to try it again. He did so, and in two more nights, he was cleaned out of all his winnings and more besides.

It was with a face as elongated as any horse-collar, that he presented himself the morning after before Davenport. The delay that must

necessarily occur before Mr. Hoskyns' reply could be received had elapsed, his answer had been forwarded by Ellen without delay.

"Bad news!" said Adrian.

"Hah!" observed, Miles, as though he were prepared for that.

"Things are bad in the city," continued the former.

"Can't be worse," replied Davenport resignedly

"A regular smash!"

"Have you got the money?" enquired Miles, with an impatient movement.

"No! Hoskyns declines to give his gracious assent,—here's his letter."

"Infernal old hunks! He shall smart for it,—I'll make him pay for it, if I live!" replied Davenport, seizing the letter, and beginning to peruse it, "I see through it—petticoat influence—that mother Moreton ought to have been poisoned long ago!" and he set his teeth, as though he really intended what he said.

“ I’ll tell my wife to make him resign—my wife will do it immediately—can’t we get hold of the money without him ?”

“ I don’t see how just at present, unless you kill him, and appoint yourself in his place—but that would take some time—how are you off ?”

“ Horribly ! I haven’t a farthing, and I have already received a notice to pay up the full amount of some of my shares, and I haven’t a farthing to meet the call !”

“ I must go out now,” said Davenport, “ call again at four o’clock, and I shall have decided upon something. In the mean time, I recommend you to try and squeeze your good mother-in-law. Tell her that ruin stares you in the face, frighten her a bit with your tale of woe, and adopt the bully and bluster, or the *whine* and water system, according to circumstances !”

Mr. Hoskyn’s answer was to the following effect :

“ My dear Madam,

“ Yours, of the — instant, came duly to hand. In reply I have to state, that upon the most mature consideration, which I have been enabled to bestow upon your application, consistently with the despatch which you so earnestly request, it is my painful duty as one of your trustees, and as your late respected father’s oldest friend, to refuse the sanction of my name to any further sale of stock secured in my name conjointly with another, for your benefit, in the Three and a Half per Cent. Consols.

“ I am aware that you have the entire and absolute disposal of your property, so that it would not be upon slight grounds that I would venture to interpose, but the object of the testator was that it should be held for your “ sole and separate use,” as he instructed me by word of mouth, and as recited in his will.

“ I consented to be a party to the disposal of a portion of the stock, when applied to by you

soon after your marriage, upon the understanding that it was for the establishment of yourself in life, for the purchase of house and grounds, &c., which I trusted would be for your happiness ; but on the present occasion I must protest against a step which would materially cripple your income, especially at the actual depressed state of the funds, and which in discharge of your husband's liabilities would be, to use a homely phrase, " throwing away good money after bad," without a prospect (as far as I see) of remedying the difficulty.

" No one will more sincerely lament than I shall, any inconvenience whatever accruing to you, from the financial embarrassments of your husband. It would be easy for me at once to agree to your proposal, if I could reconcile to myself the abandonment of a sacred trust, and had I not your real interest at heart.

" I take the liberty of advising your husband, if he be carrying on any business, to throw his affairs at once into the hands of his creditors,

and to abjure any further pursuit of delusive speculations, which must result in ruin to all concerned.

“ I shall feel a pride if my commercial experience can be made available in assisting to extricate your husband from his dilemma ; and I shall esteem it a favour if he will accept, at my hands, any pecuniary assistance of my own, at this crisis, that I may be enabled to offer ; but, I apprehend that the Court of Chancery can alone compel me to affix my signature as your trustee, to which, if application be made, I will undertake to bear all legal expenses—and my motives none can call in question,

“ I remain,

“ My dear Madam,

“ Your faithful friend,

“ WILLIAM ROSKYNS.’

“ Apollo Lodge,

“ Near Chalvington, Surrey.”

Such was the benevolent, retired merchant's somewhat lengthy, but right-minded, reply, which Ellen forwarded without delay to Adrian, with deep regrets at her trustee's obduracy, and begging for instructions as to what course she should pursue.

Adrian repaired, according to his recommendations, to Gower Street, and saw Mrs. Timmons, who received him with evident coolness. He, with assumed temerity, which was intended to mask his sense of awkwardness, enquired for Mrs. Moreton, and was informed that he could not see her; in fact, that she was too ill to see any one. So he quitted the steps with the equivocal expression on his lips that "it was of no consequence."

At four o'clock, as by appointment, he once more presented himself at Davenport's—but the bird had flown! A sealed note, handed to him by Mr. ex-Secretary Sorrowcliff, related how that circumstances compelled him to visit Boulogne-sur-mer for a while, whence he pro-

posed watching the up-shot of affairs in England. He advised his friend to do the same as speedily and secretly as possible ; and, as doubtless he had squeezed some ready money from the old woman, the sooner he joined him the better.

Horn experienced various emotions on perusing this brief but significant epistle ; first came surprise, then sulkiness, that he had not been previously apprised of a step which must have been determined upon, at latest, when he saw him last ; and finally arrived at the determination to swallow his resentment and do as he was bidden. So away he went to make what arrangements he could. He repaired first of all to Wyndibank's offices to see what sales he could effect ; but he found only a clerk, who informed him that Mr. Wyndibank was out of town for a short while ; and that, as to effecting sales, it was difficult to find parties who would take the shares off your hands at any price.

“Have you paid up your last calls?” inquired the clerk, in a tone that expressed confidence that he had done no such thing; “because you are not, perhaps, aware that the directors have determined upon the immediate issue of writs against all defaulters.”

Adrian remarked that he had been in blissful ignorance of that, and hustled out faster than he entered, and thought it not improbable that the worthy broker would likewise bear them company at the semi-penal colony of Boulogne. But Horn now paced the streets, with a disconcerted air; with head no longer erect, he dived into obscure courts and took short cuts through bye lanes, his craven spirit made him,

“Fear each bush an officer.”

The conviction suddenly forced itself upon him, as it had already upon the fashionables of the West end, that London had become too hot to hold him; and, two or three times as he wended his devious way, he started forward and winced, as

he looked back, at footsteps approaching near, in anticipation of the ominous tap on the shoulder from the sheriff's officer.

But he reached his chamber intact ; he sent Absalom to the upholsterer, who had furnished his rooms, and asked what he would give for the furniture he had so lately supplied. The tradesman, either properly appreciating the value of the materials, or guessing at the state of the case, pronounced that it would not suit his purpose to give any thing. Horn, in disgust, rapidly dismissed him " with a flea in his ear," as the expression goes, and next summoned a broker, and closed with him for a tenth of the original cost of the goods.

Horn was just issuing forth again when Absalom exclaimed—

" Oh ! sir, please, beg pardon, two stout men, in top boots, called this afternoon and inquired for you ; they said they wished to see you for a moment."

“Well, and what did you say?” asked Adrian, shuddering as he spoke.

“I said as how, sir, that you had gone down to Richmond with a friend to pass the night, and that you would not be back till to-morrow evening!” replied the little wretch, with his whining voice, leering out at the opposite corners of his mis-directed eyes.

“And pray what induced you to invent that story?” enquired his master, looking very much surprised.

“Oh! my brother, sir, he put me up to the time of day!”

“You are both too sharp to live,” observed Adrian, half aloud, not knowing very well what to say, and not feeling over satisfied (however great the relief might be) that his attendant should have been put up “to the time of day.”

Horn felt that it was dinner time, and he sought a coffee-house; not one in the beaten track, but one where, in the quiet retirement

of a corner box, he might cut at the joint, and swill his pot of porter and pint of port unmolested. Such an one he luckily lighted on after a brief perambulation.

Adrian had finished his dinner, and was sipping his wine. The waiter handed him an evening paper.

“Second edition—just out, sir, latest particulars—another great smash, sir—Jerk, Whifflem, and Snort stopped payment.”

One topic of conversation engrossed all guests there, sometimes carried on in whispers by the bashful, or noisily discussed by others—the panic, the mess in the city! Some fresh arrivals occupied the adjacent box, and they were busily and loudly talking over “the moves,” as they termed them.

“Muggins and Howke’s house have failed for forty thousand!” said one.

“Indeed; and a pretty sight more are ready to go, I should say!”

“Screw and Diddlem are gone.”

“ Really ? ”

“ Bolted, I mean ! ”

“ You don’t say so ? ”

“ Walker is off.”

“ So I suppose.”

“ That rascal Davenport has taken French leave ; he gave the tip-staves the slip by only a few minutes.”

Horn listened with all his ears, surely he had heard one of those voices before.

“ I understand that the Tagg’s Alley gang are quite broken up ; by the bye, I thought you were one of them, ha ! ha ! ”

“ So I was ; but I sneaked out in time ! ”

“ That’s Wiggle, as sure as I am alive ! ” thought Adrian, almost aloud, as he dodged about in vain for a crack in the partition that he might assure himself of the fact. But he had heard quite enough, and he longed to be off. He was, however, somewhat in a “ fix,” for he could not leave without passing before

them. He had not paid his reckoning, and he had not courage to call the waiter. At last, he caught the official's eye, and beckoned to him, and having satisfied him, he buttoned up his coat to his ears—knocked his hat over his eyes—made a desperate start, and escaped, unrecognised.

From thence he bent his steps with all speed to Maddox Street, to call on Mortimer, whom he expected to find at home, as this was about his dinner hour. He was correct, the servant announced that he was at dinner. Horn desired that his name might be mentioned to him, with a request that he would come out and speak with him for an instant.

Mortimer, after peering over the banisters, came down to him. Adrian began with many apologies for disturbing him ; he would not have ventured to have done so, if the occasion had not been rather pressing.

“The fact is,” continued Adrian, “I am

called upon somewhat suddenly to make up a considerable sum—could you oblige me with a temporary loan?”

Mortimer laughed in his face.

“The idea of my lending anybody anything, when I never have a farthing for myself!” replied he.

“Could you conveniently return what I advanced you the other evening?”

“Oh! that had quite escaped my recollection! To tell you truth, you were so lucky that night, and as I was partly instrumental, I flattered myself that you would not dun me quite so soon. I am sure, if I had any money in the house, it would be quite at your service.”

“If you could pay me a part—” persisted Horn.

“My dear fellow, I tell you I haven’t a farthing; as soon as I can make any—ha! ha—I will consider it yours; but as I haven’t taken to smashing, yet, I can’t give what I

don't possess. I fear you would consider my note-of-hand, bill, or I.O.U. of little value, but anything in that shape, I shall be most happy to offer you."

Horn replied that they would be of no use, as he had an immediate requirement for cash.

Mortimer could do no more for him, and, asking if his great friend, Davenport, could not assist him, bowed him out in the politest way possible.

CHAPTER VI.

ADRIAN had proposed to himself to pass the last evening with Mrs. Massingham. He jumped into the first cab, and was driven thither. He amused himself, on the way, by figuring to himself what a monstrous clever thing it would be if he could induce that lady to elope with him, in some other direction, now that the great impediment, Miles Davenport, was out of the field. But such ideas, which he had scarcely the temerity to contemplate, were quickly dispelled in her presence.

She was at home, and she said she was glad to see him, for she hoped he brought some tidings of their mutual friend. She was evidently in a very melancholy mood ; she heard that Miles had gone off suddenly ; he had written a note to inform her, and she was to write to Boulogne.

“ Poor fellow,” said she, with a sigh, “ I was certain that something weighed on his mind, for his manner was quite altered of late.”

Then she asked a thousand questions about his losses, the extent of his liabilities, whether he would be made a bankrupt, and what prospect there was of his being able to return—to none of which Horn was capable of replying.

Then she turned the conversation upon himself ; what plan had *he* formed ? None !—what expectations had he—and was he content to fly his country, and leave his young wife and his helpless little one, uncertain of his fate, in ignorance when he would return ! Was she to fly

likewise, and follow him? Was she not even apprised of what had befallen him? Would she not assist him to the utmost of her power, and had she the means to do it, or did she not care?

“Oh, yes, she does care beyond anything!” cried Horn, in a sudden transport. “I could not wrong her memory by my silence, or a shadow of a doubt! Every sacrifice she will make for me—alas, I have ill-deserved her forbearance. I hate business—I am sick of it—I have no head for it. Could I now retract—undo what I have done—I could return with transport to the country home, which I quitted in disgust!”

“Yes,” observed Mrs. Massingham, “we can’t appreciate happiness till we feel the loss of it! But oh, write to her, Adrian!—spare her the agony of suspense; it may diminish a trifle of your pangs of remorse, if you have wronged her.”

There was a pause of some minutes. Horn

had never known Mrs. Massingham so animated before, yet there was nothing to flatter his hopes in all this—if he entertained any. He felt sorrowful—quite subdued. On what a pinnacle of proud imagination had he mounted, and soared far beyond the compass of his wings; and now, these words of plain sense—coming from her, too, that in his mind's-eye he would have exalted to an idol of rivalry against his wife—brought him down to what he really was, humbled him, and spoke daggers to his heart!

“If I have wronged her!” he whispered again to himself. He felt inclined to tears when he thought of his wife and child, whom he was about to leave without one farewell! How was it this had not struck him before?

It may easily be surmised that the *soirée*, however harmonious, was far from convivial! They were both as melancholy as two people who had met together to pass a pleasant even-

ing, could well be. Horn at length, having had his fill of misery, arose to depart.

“ Can I take anything for you ? ” enquired he, all feelings of jealousy having subsided *pro tem*, “ that is, always supposing that I am permitted to take myself off.”

“ Yes, I will write a few lines,” and she sat herself down at her table. The note was soon finished, folded, sealed and delivered.— “ And now,” said she, as she rose and approached him, “ God bless you ; you will not forget all I have said to you ?—We may meet sooner than you expect.”

“ Adieu, dear madam ! ”

Her hand was pressed to his lips, and he left the house apparently with a heavy heart.

“ O God ! O God ! that it were possible
To undo things done—to call back yesterday !
That time could turn his swift and sandy glass
To untell days, or to redeem these hours ! ”

This he might have exclaimed in the poet's

accents, and she whom he had just quitted would have agreed in the sentiments—but he did not, and his impressions vanished as he walked quickly along and left no trace behind, like the night winds that were blowing aside the clouds that obscured the face of the moon.

It was early still, much earlier than his usual hour for returning home. He came cautiously round the corners, and several times accelerated his pace almost to a run, when he fancied footsteps behind were overtaking him, and now and then he whistled an air, in very bad time, as though he bade defiance to all mortal grabbers.

He had given up in the course of the day the fashionable apartment, which he had so lately engaged, and here he was approaching his old quarters. There was a light gleaming through the cracks of the shutters in his room, who could that be? He glanced suspiciously round, there was nobody visible in the street. He unlocked the door with his latch-key, and

entered noiselessly. He stole in unperceived—there was Absalom (his back was turned to the door) ransacking his drawers, and reading every paper as he drew it forth! In two strides Adrian had seized the horror-stricken boy by the collar, he shook him violently, then administered a box on the ear, that sent him reeling against the wall.

“I was only arranging your papers, sir,” blubbered out the young culprit.

“Begone about your business, you shall not stay here another minute—get out, I say!”

Absalom retreated to the door, for the posture of affairs wore a threatening aspect, and measures were evidently in preparation for his forcible expulsion from the apartment.

“Pay me my wages first, and a month’s extra for warning!” exclaimed the young gentleman.

“Not a farthing! you’re discharged for misconduct, be off, I say!” replied Adrian, whose blood was up.

“ You’d have been in prison now if it hadn’t been for me, and this is all I get for it !” retorted the recreant clerk.

“ None of your impertinence ! leave the place directly—get out, do you hear ?” Horn moved towards the door—Absalom, half threatening, half crying, slipped down the stairs, his master’s leg being extended towards him at an angle of forty-five.

He unbolted the door with precipitate haste, passed on, and slammed it back with violence.

Adrian trembled with rage ; he returned to his room ; how had the young rascal opened his table-drawers ? There was a key still in one of the locks, a counterpart of his own. Now it occurred to him that he had often found his papers in a state of confusion, and his notes, ay ! there was one note in particular that he had missed.—Had not Miles Davenport’s words raised an unworthy suspicion in his bosom ?—

he reddened as he thought of it—had he not suspected his own wife?

A sudden impression seized him that that mischievous imp might be plotting some treachery, and he felt that to secure his flight, he had not a moment to lose! With hands still trembling with nervous excitement, he thrust into his trunks his clothes and papers and all things portable. He went out and bribed a poor man with a shilling to fetch him a coach, and having dragged down his goods at the risk of his neck, he jumped in and was driven to Charing-Cross. There he placed himself and baggage on a "short stage," which he found just on the start for "down the road," and he alighted at the Elephant and Castle, where he proposed to pass the night, to be ready for the Dover coaches on the morrow.

When Horn came to count over his cash in hand, the reflection forced itself upon him that he had not done his best "to squeeze the old

lady," as Miles had advised. Why not make another effort? It was worth while; and he would diminish the risk by shutting himself up in a close carriage. If Mrs. Moreton were unable to see him, he would humiliate himself (it cost nothing), and tell his tale of woe to Mrs. Timmons, and she might negotiate the loan. Surely, she could not refuse her son-in-law! especially if he could make it appear the means of restoring him to his duty.

He resolved to "try it on;" and, next morning after breakfast, he ordered a fly and was driven to Gower Street. Mrs. Timmons appeared to his summons.

"How is Mrs. Moreton, to-day?" inquired Adrian, in a tone which was intended to convey great anxiety.

"No better, sir—did not close her eyes all night—Mr. Storke has only just left," was the reply.

"She would not like to see me, I suppose?" suggested Horn, somewhat timidly.

“I should say not,” answered Mrs. Timmons, very pointedly.

“Would you be good enough, Mrs. Timmons, to carry up a message for me?”

“Oh! yes, sir; anything you please. Will you walk up into the drawing-room?” And she proceeded to lead the way. “One moment, sir, I am wanted over-head.”

He fancied there was something strange in the old woman’s manners that day.

He had scarcely entered the room when there was a noise on the stair-case; the door was pushed open and in rushed his wife, carrying their little child in her arms.

“Adrian, my beloved husband, can you forgive me?” exclaimed she, throwing herself on his bosom.

“I am too happy to see you, dear Ellen. When did you arrive in London?”

“Only this morning. Mr. Stokes sent a post-chaise for me—I feared I should not find

my mother alive—I came off instantly—but, thank God, she is easier now—and you came to inquire after her ; it was very good of you, when you must be so dreadfully harassed by your own state of affairs. How unlucky every thing has proved for you ! But, never mind, dearest, ‘ ’tis not in mortals to command success,’ you know. How happily we may still live at The Retreat, which looks more beautiful than ever. We shall both be the wiser, doubtless, for the lesson—there will be no room left for our little ambitions—but our comfort will be ensured by feeling that we are dependant upon one another for our happiness. How provoking, too, of Mr. Hoskyns ! I hope you believe I did all I possibly could ; if you think anything further can be done, I am quite ready to obey you in anything—you will come back to The Retreat, will you not ?”

She said this in such an artless, coaxing way, —and she looked up so anxiously and so lov-

ingly, that he felt half inclined to kiss the pretty lips that smiled upon him.

“ Alas ! alas ! ’tis too late, Ellen,” said he, “ I must seek another retreat—no place in this country is safe for me now. Blood hounds are after me ; even now, while I speak with you, my footsteps may have been dogged ; and, if I am caught, I shall be thrust into prison !”

“ In prison ? you in prison ! Oh ! how horrible ! Adrian, it shall not be—if I live, it shall not be—if I die for it, you shall be spared this infamy. The idea of your being dragged to prison—I cannot bear it !”

And she burst into a flood of tears.

Horn stood by not unmoved by the scene before him, but uncertain as to what he should say.

“ Be not so disturbed, Ellen, any one may be unfortunate in business ; there is no very great disgrace in that—besides, all may come right again in the end.”

“ Yes ; but it is so painful to me, the reflec-

tion, that I have the means of delivering you, and yet cannot make use of them," she interrupted.

"Well, that's all the fault of your great friend, Mr. Hoskyns, who is as obstinate as a mule. Your best plan of serving me now, is to let me go."

"But let me go too—I will accompany you—you shall not suffer alone—it is the privilege of the wife to serve the husband. Oh! say that I may come!" she exclaimed, with all the earnestness of her nature.

"It is impossible!" replied Horn, "would you leave your mother at such a time?"

"No! and yet if you were to order me, I should feel bound to obey—what a trial this is! how distracting—promise me then, dearest, that I may join you as soon as possible."

"Very well, I promise that," said Adrian, whose manner began to manifest some impatience; "but I really must go, every instant that you detain me increases my danger—could

you procure me any money? do you think your mother has any?"

"I'll fly and see!" and she rushed out of the room.

Little Nelly had been placed upon the floor, and had amused herself by crawling about, and calling upon mam-ma and pap-pa, that being nearly the extent of her present vocabulary. She appeared disconcerted at being left alone with a strange gentleman, and was beginning to cry. Horn stooped down, and, for the first time, took notice of his child.

Ellen was not long absent, she hurried back; looking wild with excitement.

"Here's a hundred pounds, which my mother luckily had in the house; and here's ten pounds which I brought with me for the journey. That's all I can collect; Timmons declares she has not a farthing. Take it all, dearest; I will save every fraction, and send it to you, if you will tell me how."

“Thank you, Ellen; now good bye, dear,” and he bestowed a kiss upon her brow.

“Oh! Adrian!” she threw herself in his arms, and burst into a torrent of grief, as though her heart would break. “Farewell, my husband, my dearest Adrian; promise you’ll write the instant you are landed—I am so nervous—I shall be so anxious—I shall die if I do not hear from you, and that I may come to you as soon as possible.”

“Yes, yes, I’ll write; farewell, dear!” he tore himself away.

“Kiss your child before you go—one parting kiss!” she called after him, and seizing upon Nell, she raised the little creature for the father’s benediction, but which act the daughter did not at all appreciate; and once more he tore himself away, jumped into the fly, and was borne hastily out of sight.

Ellen sunk upon the sofa, she wrung her hands, and covered her eyes; the child climbed

up, and nestled in its mother's bosom, as if to solace her—children are keen observers—and she stretched forth her tiny hands, and patted the downy cheek, and lisped out, “poor mamma !”

CHAPTER VII.

HORN returned to "the Elephant," the Dover coaches had all passed; there was nothing until the mail. So he consoled himself with a good dinner in a private room, and there he awaited with some impatience the shades of evening.

He thought he would walk a little, and having settled his bill, and left directions about his luggage, and that a place should be

secured for him, he proceeded down the Kent Road.

In due course of time, the merry horn, and the rattling of the royal mail was heard, and the dazzling lights, staring like some monster's fiery eye-balls were apparent. At Adrian's hail, the team was pulled up short, and the guard was down in a twinkling.

"Gentlemen, from 'the Elephant?'" he inquired.

"Yes," replied Horn.

"Full out—one place inside—look alive, sir, if you please," said he, holding the door open.

Adrian, having made an inquiry as to his luggage, stepped into his corner; the door was banged upon him—"Right," cried the guard, and away rolled His Majesty's Dover mail, dashing through mud, straining up hill, flying down declivities, and rattling, like thunder, through paved towns, with the accompaniment of the music of "the yard o' tin."

By the dim light that revealed itself within, Horn made out his fellow passengers to consist of two gentlemen and one lady muffled up in a cloak, to whom he had the satisfaction of acting *vis-à-vis*.

When the assistance of any town lamps arrived, Adrian endeavoured to penetrate the intricacies of the veil of the opposite passenger, but saw a pair of flashing eyes—he could discern nought of the features. His curiosity was somehow aroused as to this mysterious envelope; but all his little polite attentions, such as offering to pull up the window and so forth, failed in their purpose, and met with no further response than a nod or shake of the head.

Horn desisted from his attempts and fell asleep; but a night in a coach is not likely to be undisturbed, and he was frequently awoke; but, whenever he looked up, there were the bright eyes shining full upon him.

The light of day at length came gleaming in, and the lady appeared to feel the chilliness

of the morning air, for she muffled herself up more closely.

The guard now sounded his horn more vehemently—the mail rattled through the streets of Dover, and was pulled up in front of the post-office. The passengers were informed that the packet would start immediately ; but, in consequence of the tide, they would have to get on board in boats.

Adrian jumped out and assisted the lady to alight—in doing which, he fancied he experienced an extra pressure of the hand. He was not mistaken ; and an opportunity occurring, during the confusion of selecting the luggage, “the mysterious lady” whispered, “Mr. Horn,” raised her veil and revealed herself. It was Mrs. Massingham !

Adrian’s astonishment was great. She could not help smiling at it. She told him that she did not know who their fellow passengers might be, and so she was afraid of his discovering her.

“To tell you the truth,” she continued, “I am almost ashamed of my weakness; but it is a little surprise that I am preparing for your friend, Miles.”

It was a most agreeable surprise for Horn—and he was delighted to find that she was likely to bear them company in their exile—but the effect would have been still more agreeable to him, had not Davenport been the object of her *escapade*.

He was able to be of use to her now; and he undertook the settlement of the claims of the coachman and guard; and next, the crowd of harpies that prey upon the pockets and tempers of departing travellers, and await their return to prey upon them again;—whose exorbitant demands must be complied with, because there is no time to resist them, and no redress is at hand, which makes it very questionable with those who are leaving England, whether, “with all her faults,” they can possibly “love her still.”

The unfortunate Adrian was quite brow-beaten by the numerous tribe of cads, porters, harbour-men, and boatmen. At last they safely stepped on board the "Spitfire," which lay, with her steam up, just outside the harbour.

The day was delightful, and the sea as calm as possible; nevertheless, before the white cliffs had faded from view, Horn, who had been seated on deck very close to his fair companion, and was striving hard to convince her that he was the most agreeable of his sex, found himself quite suddenly the victim of circumstances, and was carried off by the steward and laid on a shelf in the after-cabin.

"Ease her"—"Stop her," were the joyful sounds at length proclaimed by the captain, and the "Spitfire" was moored along the bustling *quai* of Boulogne. *Douaniers* jumped down upon her decks, and pale-faced sufferers emerged from the depth's below.

Mrs. Massingham was upon the *qui vive*, and

appeared very anxious to land. She was now the conductor, for Horn had not yet recovered the effects of the sea-voyage, and everything to him was strange. After having passed through the formalities of the Custom-house, she led the way to an hotel, which astounded Adrian with its extensive appearance; here she put a few questions to a most elegant landlady and the politest of all hosts, who bowed, night-cap in hand, in an unknown tongue, which Horn afterwards discovered to be the language of the country—pure French, in fact.

She turned round with great glee to Horn, and exclaimed, “*He is here!*” She then proposed that they should retire to their rooms, and perform their toilet, and afterwards meet for breakfast in the sitting-room that Miles Davenport had already retained.

This was, of course, agreed upon; Horn was conducted to a room by such a charming chambermaid, with a fly-away cap and chintz

jacket, and with a heart and cross, on velvet, round her neck, that he was struck all of a heap! He wished to express the admiration he felt; but being in profound ignorance of the barbarous language of the natives, before he could explain, by symbols, the sensations with which he was agitated, the fair creature had vanished.

Having achieved his toilet, Horn rang his bell (probably in expectation that the same bewitching damsel would re-appear) but in that he was disappointed, and in lieu thereof came a gentleman in a round jacket. Adrian spoke very loud, and in broken English, to the foreigner, and enquired where was Mr. Davenport's sitting room. He was answered, in perfectly good English, by the waiter, who said that he would have the pleasure of showing the room to him, if Monsieur would do him the honor to follow.

Davenport had just entered his room, when Horn was ushered in. He turned round

quickly, and extended his hand—he seemed quite pleased to see Adrian.

“Well done, Horn! Got away, old fellow, without being nabbed, eh? Bring any news—all London’s bankrupt, I presume? Extract any dibs from the old girl?”

The door was again opened, and in sailed Mrs. Massingham, her handsome features glowing with animation, and her whole deportment denoting the pleasure she experienced, and felt assured that she was conferring, by this unexpected meeting.

“Louisa!” exclaimed Miles, “what in the name of wonder has brought you over here?”

“My own will and pleasure,” replied she, smiling archly; “if I choose to come here and pay a visit to my friends, am I not at liberty to do so?”

“Perfectly,” answered Davenport, somewhat gravely. “It is only to be desired that those friends may not detain you, and that when you

have paid your visit, you will return home quietly."

"That will very much depend upon my friends," said she, after a slight pause, during which she appeared conjecturing as to his meaning. "Well, now, I really believe," she continued, "that you are not glad to see me, and are sorry that I am come!"

The expression of her face altered in a moment, a sad smile played about her mouth, and her eyes seemed ready to fill.

"Of course I am glad to see you!" replied Davenport, modulating his tone; "but I thought you would not leave London yet—I don't see the good of it!"

"The good of it!" repeated Mrs. Massingham, almost to herself, evidently puzzled by his words. She was going to reply, but she seemed to recollect, all at once, that they were not alone. So she turned to Adrian and laughed, and affecting to treat the matter as a joke, said that she and her travelling-com-

panion had better return as quickly as possible, but they would not move until they had had their breakfast. Then breakfast made its appearance—such a one, too, not of the tea and dry-toast order, but a *dejeuner-à-la-fourchette*, cutlets *à la* this and that, and a regularly built, native French roll, which measured three foot two in length, and which required a man to be well up in his shoes to master it.

It may be supposed that the travellers' appetites required no whetting (the only provocatives were Davenport's words) and they did justice to the good things. But a gloom and a reserve hung on all, which each strove in vain to shake off, so that the meal lacked that light-heartedness which, after Soyer's, is the best sauce for the digestion.

Breakfast ended, Miles volunteered to act as cicerone to Horn, an offer which of course was gladly accepted. Mrs. Massingham excused herself from being one of the party, on the plea of fatigue, and said she was going to

lie down. So the gentlemen sallied forth. Horn was delighted with all he saw, and declared that he should like to live there for ever; Davenport congratulated him upon that, as he thought it very likely that his taste would be gratified to the full.

They mounted to the Upper Town, and walked round the ancient walls, and then seated themselves in an angle of one of the old bastions.

Davenport sought this opportunity that he might learn all that had transpired in his absence. He soon heard everything, and he listened attentively to the details of the evening passed at Mrs. Massingham's, and at the interview with Mrs. Horn. Not a word escaped him.

He did not ask Adrian what he intended to do, because he had not yet decided what would suit his own purpose best, and while Horn gabbled on, he contented himself with an occasional "yes" or "no," which, however,

did not always fall in the right place ; but all the while, he was busily turning over events and their probable consequences in his own intricate mind. His passion for Ellen had not abated one particle of its intensity. To a character like Davenport's, the very hopelessness of any project would create a charm for him in its pursuit. Her own words had bade him " never to despair of an end !"

One thing was certain : the ladies must not meet ; either Mrs. Horn must be kept in England, or Mrs. Massingham must be induced to return home. An encounter of these two opposite fair interests must result in a very unsatisfactory *dénouement*, as far as he was concerned. And yet a thought struck him, he began to see his way : if Adrian neglected to write to his wife, and if she were informed that her husband was devoted to Mrs. Massingham, and that they had actually left London together by the mail—a fact from which some

concert in their plans might be inferred—Ellen's jealous fears might again be worked upon with advantage, especially if he could contrive to be the well-intentioned informant. If Ellen dared him to the proof, she might come and inspect with her own eyes her husband's treachery, and if she were satisfied of the facts, she, in all probability, would not stay "to pull caps" with her more fortunate competitor.

"A woman scorn'd is pitiless as fate,"

so there was no saying how she might revenge herself. She might be induced to regard him in another^{*} light; instead of the intriguing intermeddler in her affairs, she might look upon him as her only faithful friend. To a vain, self-willed, unprincipled man like Davenport, the rejection of his suit was a constant irritating sore, nor would he rest until he

triumphed. If he could have expressed his thoughts, he would have uttered—

“ You refused me, and for him. If you love me, well; but if not, think not that those nuptials shall prosper, if I can help it !”

He looked up from his musings, and perceived that Horn had mounted on the parapet, and was surveying the town and harbour, and extensive sea-view.

Miles mused again as he contemplated his companion on his elevated position, and thought how the slightest touch would send him headmost to the depths below. Davenport instinctively turned his head about, and saw that there was no one near; who then could say but that a melancholy accident had not happened to the young Englishman?

Horn looked round to make some remark, and Miles then cautioned him.

“ Take care, my fine fellow, or you may fall,” said he.

Adrian declared that his head could stand

anything, and having completed his survey, jumped down.

Davenport began forthwith to take measures to carry out his new policy. His spirits appeared suddenly to revive; he became the promoter and leader in every sort of amusement; but he generally contrived to slip away, unperceived, so that Mrs. Massingham was necessarily bequeathed to the chaperonage of Adrian Horn; a duty which that young man by no means unwillingly took upon himself, in fact, he thanked Miles in his heart for leaving them alone. Miles, too, omitted no opportunity of patting him on the back, and reminding him that he was a lucky dog.

“By Jove, sir,” said he, “it’s all very well to say she came here to see me, but any one can see with half an eye that you are the especial object of her affections, and it was the pleasure of accompanying you that brought her here.”

Horn felt proudly triumphant at these observations, he affected not to believe a word of them, but inwardly he pitied poor Davenport, who was at length obliged to succumb, and allow his rival's superiority and success.

And so the days sped, joyous days for Adrian, who had thrust dull care aside and revelled in the enjoyment of the moment. Davenport had made many new acquaintances, and passed a considerable portion of his day in the English news-room. Every day, parties of pleasure were formed, they hired horses and explored the neighbourhood, or they joined in the festivities of the place.

But the lady of the party was miserable, she was sad, you could see it in her face, and she sighed, which Adrian always took as a compliment to himself. Her secret (if any longer one) must likewise be disclosed; she entertained the profoundest admiration for Miles Davenport. Hers was an enduring love,—a flame

that burned the brighter in difficulties, — a blinded affection that looked not to this or to that side, that had followed in one steady, undeviating course for years, and through good and evil report beheld in him only the perfection of her hopes.

Mrs. Massingham was a widow as has been stated, and of easy means, a position which if not always envied, is at all events considered, by the fair female portion of the world, the most independent ; but she had willingly taken upon herself this slavery. The voice that had beguiled her in early years, had lost none of its witchery when they met in later life, and she yielded to its fascination. Davenport felt his power and exercised it, and for a while he returned her affection, but

“ Man’s love is of man’s soul, a thing apart,
’Tis woman’s sole existence.”

The excitement over, he grew weary of the

“*toujours perdrix*” system, and longed for “fresh fields and pastures new.” His accidental introduction to Ellen Moreton was fatal to the widow’s happiness.

Without guessing the real cause, she had perceived for some time a coldness and indifference in his manner, which she imputed to the state of his affairs, and when the crisis at length arrived, she wished, unsolicited, to prove her fidelity by following his broken fortunes and consoling him, as she fondly hoped, in his exile, and so his reception of her when she had planned her “agreeable surprise” was, to a creature of deep and sensitive feelings, such as she was, painfully mortifying.

Davenport perceived he had wounded her; he had to temporise now, for if he offended her, and she continued relentless, there was no reason why she should remain there; she would indubitably return home, and thus the groundwork of his plan would be destroyed; whilst

he was debating with himself how he should frame an opportunity for commencing operations, fate saved him the trouble, and presented one ready-made.

CHAPTER VIII.

By the way an event happened at this time, which must be recorded here. Miles returned one morning from reading the papers, and found Adrian, as he expected, in attendance on Mrs. Massingham; he made the following announcement without any preface:

“Horn, your mother-in-law has slipped her wind!”

“What?” exclaimed the surprised individual.

“ Mrs. Moreton’s hopped the twig, and gone to Styx !”

“ You don’t say so?”

“ Yes, I saw it in to-day’s ‘ Times.’ I congratulate you, I presume you will come out in sables, put on a genteel suit of mourning, eh?”

“ I don’t know about that,” replied Horn; “not likely that she has left me enough to cover that expense. Yet there must be some nice little pickings out of her jointure—but seriously, do you think I ought to attend the funeral and look after the will?”

“ The best answer I can give you is, that *you can’t*, unless you wish to be lodged in the nearest sponging-house. Do you suppose you will be allowed liberty to go and bury your mother-in-law?”

“ It’s so strange that my wife has not written,” observed Horn.

“ Have you written to *her*?”

“ Why no—I can’t say that I have.”

Nothing further transpired on the subject at that time, for they were about starting on a picnic party. Will it be conceived that Horn, since his arrival, had allowed Ellen to remain wholly unnoticed by him ! while she had forwarded several letters addressed to the *Poste Restante*—which Davenport had claimed for his friend, perused and destroyed !

And now for the circumstance which was to hasten the progress of events. In returning that evening, Adrian's horse stumbled and fell ; the rider was thrown, with some violence, into the middle of the road, and he experienced some pain at the moment, and a good deal more before he arrived at his hotel. A medical man was summoned, who pronounced the dislocation of the shoulder. He twitched it about—then ordered the patient to bed, and to be kept quiet and cool.

Next morning he was a great deal better ; but Davenport seized the opportunity, as it suited his purpose, to write off and inform

Ellen of the accident—that her husband was suffering a good deal from pain and fever, and that she had better lose no time in coming to see him; all this worded in most respectful terms.

On the very same day he pleaded important intelligence, as to his affairs in London, which had reached him in his letters that morning; and that, with the intention of personal superintendence, he proposed visiting the metropolis *incog*. So, recommending Horn to Mrs. Massingham's charge, he slipped away in the steamer—leaving all his bills unpaid—but with a promise that he would return at the end of the week.

It might not have been so very easy to have thus escaped unawares—for the police exercises a vigilant surveillance on all departures—but who should pass through Boulogne, at this nick of time, on his way to England, but Lord Avonmore.

The young nobleman, who thought it rather a lark to outwit any authorities, was easily in-

duced to aid in the escape; and Davenport, having put on a white livery coat, was received on board, as his lordship's footman, with all the honors thereunto appertaining. In the same capacity he attended his lordship to London,—when he took his leave and bent his steps, very cautiously, to Whitechapel—where he entered and took up his abode at the house of Schimmel—who, in the failure of the higher branches of commercial pursuits, had taken to the rolling of cabbage leaves into cigars and passing them off as genuine Havannahs!

At early dawn the restless Davenport was abroad again—and whither bent?—to Dumpton Farm. Miles so timed his arrival there, that he reached it just one hour after the letter, which he had penned from the foreign shore.

Ellen then, was at the farm—how came that about? She had to deplore, almost at the same time, her mother's loss and her husband's absence; and she felt that her cup of sorrow was well nigh filled. The anxiety and suspense

that had sustained her, in watchfulness around the death-bed, whilst the spirit struggled and strove to retain possession of its earthly tenement was ended ; and, when the eye-lids were closed, and the lips immoveable—which, to the last, had conveyed the expression of their dotting affection for their idol—the sole-prized, cherished, daughter—Ellen sank overwhelmed by the calamity. It was a heavy blow ; occurring too, when, perhaps, she would feel it most. She felt lonely and desolate in the world.

Mr. Storkes had taken leave—the Reverend Tobit Smirke had performed the last rites—Mr. Hoskyns had attended the ceremony (how different to the one which had last called them together, and which was still vivid in their recollection) ; the faithful Timmons deeply lamented her late mistress, who had secured to her a competence for the rest of her days ; and poor old Chopps looked inconsolable. These had all lost a warm friend in the good soul that had departed.

Mr. Hoskyns read the will. A mourning ring was bequeathed to him, annuities to the servants, one hundred pounds to Adrian Horn, "with the best wishes of an anxious mother" (what a volume was contained in those few words!); and then souvenirs, of books, her father's picture, nick-knacks, to Ellen; but the residue of her property was settled, by codicil, on her infant grand-daughter.

The lease of the house was to terminate with her life, and Ellen, with many painful regrets, bade adieu to the scenes of her early days, and of her parent's last sufferings. Mr. Hoskyns entreated her to make his house hers, but she firmly declined his proffered kindness, believing that she was acting in consonance with her husband's feelings, and indeed her own, in so doing; she longed for retirement, where she could be alone with her child; she had written frequently to Adrian, but, as has been shown, there was no reply; whenever she thought of

him—that was incessantly—she was full of anxious fear.

She returned to Sandford, and anxiously looked for the solitude of “The Retreat.” A strange man was there, and opened the door to her; she stared—he asked her name and grinned.

“*I* lodges here, now,” said he; “I am in possession.”

It was a sheriff’s-officer! The house, and all within it, had been seized, and held in execution for the benefit of the creditors!

Here was another blow—a staggering one; Ellen leant against the wall, for she felt as though she should drop on the ground. What was she to do! she had need of all her senses—she made an effort, and recovered herself.

She enquired if she might not stay there for the present.

“Yes, I have no objection to accommodate you,” replied the man, “purwided you do the thirg handsome, and pay me my fees. But I

shall look pretty sharp that you don't embezzle, as they calls it—that you don't carry away nothing of the bankrupt's property!"

"Surely, sir, I may remove my clothes?" submitted she.

"Some on them—necessaries, if you please—but not finery—no shawls or jewellery, none of that sort of thing."

Poor little Mrs. Horn was frightened out of her wits, but she bore up well, as it is called; she saw it would be best to conciliate the gentleman, so she placed a crown in his hand, and begged that he would send to The Rovers for any refreshment he might require. He then permitted access to the rooms, without molestation. Her mind was quickly made up; her little maid and she made bundles of what they required; the "man in possession" hovered about and assisted in bringing down their somewhat weighty packages, for which he expected and received another gratuity, and having deposited them on the ground, outside the gates,

Mrs. Horn and little Nell sat down on them, whilst the nurse-maid went in search of a donkey-cart. One of the proprietors of that squalid row of cottages in the village owned "an animal and shay," as he termed it. For a consideration, he was content to catch the donkey, which was browsing hard by, picking up what he could, and to fasten him to the shay. In the course of time, the goods were deposited therein, and the small procession started for Dumpton Farm.

Ellen had determined to cast herself and her concerns upon the generosity of the inmates there—to beg an asylum for the present, until she learned what her husband's wishes were.

Besty Winton received the little party with open arms, she welcomed them most cordially ; rumours had reached the farm, of the misfortunes that had befallen their house, and Betsy had a heart to feel for all. Susan came, too, with her bright eyes, and greeted them, and

Nelly was hugged and passed about from arm to arm, and there was such a noise and bustle, that instead of the melancholy little group, a party of pleasure might be supposed to have arrived there.

When an opportunity arrived, Ellen, in the most delicate way, hinted at a weekly payment, but the good housewife would only consent to accept one third of the sum which Ellen insisted upon, and that was taken at last, only, as Betsy declared, to set Mrs. Horn's mind at rest. All was thus arranged, and the nurse-maid was to leave as soon as she could find a situation, for Ellen was determined to prove herself equal to "either fortune," and to remit every farthing of her income that she could spare from actual necessities, for the benefit of her husband.

It may be supposed that Mrs. Horn's state of mind was not relieved by the receipt of a letter, dated Boulogne, the superscription of which was not in her husband's writing. She

tore it open, and glanced at the signature—it bore the hated one of Miles Davenport. The contents alarmed her more; Adrian had met with an accident, and was incapacitated from holding a pen; the writer hoped it would not prove serious, and sympathised at the anxiety the wife must feel to be present at such a moment. Her husband had expressed no wish for her presence; and while he (Davenport) took this responsibility on himself, and hoped it might appear as the only slight reparation for her outraged feelings which he could offer, yet still circumstances might occur which would render her meeting with her husband so painful, that he almost ventured to hope she would not come. At all events, he begged she would not start until she heard again, and then if the patient rallied, (of which there was every prospect) he conjured her, for her own peace of mind, not to come!

Ellen was perplexed; but she hesitated for a moment only. She at once saw her line of

duty, whatever the circumstances might be. It was quite clear to her that her fitting place was at her husband's sick couch. She magnified the injuries in her own mind that he had received, and imputed his silence to his inability to write, and she would fain believe to a desire to save her from uneasiness. She immediately informed her kind friends of this fresh misfortune, and that she must instantly fly to him. She was in the midst of her preparations for departure, when she was startled by the information, that a gentleman, who declined giving his name, awaited her below.

With a throbbing heart she hurried down—it was Miles Davenport!

Ellen was apparelled in the deep garb of mourning, she looked pale and care-worn, although a flush lighted up her cheeks as she set eyes on her visitor. Davenport appeared to notice the change. He bowed and addressed her in a subdued tone.

“You must be surprised,” he began, some-

what tremulously, "after what transpired when last we met,"—he drew his hand across his brow—"at my venturing to approach you again."

"We will make no allusion to the past, sir, if you please!" said Ellen, interrupting him.

"You received my letter?" he continued with a sigh.

"I did so; and although it is reasonable that I should regard any communication of yours with suspicion, I was prepared to act upon it."

"I pray you not, madam, as you value your own happiness; do not stir in this matter."

"Your information was not correct then?" she retorted hastily.

"Perfectly correct! you do me great injustice; but I am prepared for everything, and I submit—I even deserve it at your hands—but I was resolved, however great the humiliation, that I would not lose an opportunity of proving my abject devotion to your cause, and

that despite your misgivings, I would act the part of a friend."

"Thank you!" replied Ellen, with a sneer, "if your letter informed me correctly, I wish to lose no further time; I am anxious to rejoin my husband."

"Hear me for an instant, and then I leave you to take your own part. I wrote that letter—he had a fall from his horse—had anything serious resulted, I could never have forgiven myself to have kept you in ignorance. But I have the surgeon's certificate to prove to you, that it is a trifling accident; he is nearly recovered by this time. As soon as that was ascertained, I set off, have travelled night and day, and have arrived here at considerable personal risk; and on my knees I beg of you not to go! There are circumstances, as I hinted in my letter, which must make the meeting most bitter. I would willingly save you from this, if pos-

sible. I informed you that he did not request me to write. Alas ! he is too happy away from you. You recollect the dangerous connection he formed in London ; I warned you of it. We might have taken counsel together to obviate it ; I blush, now, when I think how the wild torrent of my feelings burst from all control at my last interview with you, and stopped all further intercourse—but let that be ; your forgiveness I cannot hope for—your pity I may claim ! Your husband left London in company with Mrs. Massingham, immediately after he had called in Gower Street—where he went in the hope of getting money, and was surprised to find you ; they journeyed all night together ; I was astonished at his assurance in entering my hotel with her ; I was disgusted and kept away ; such is the fascination she exercises, that my words are unheeded, and I was about to quit the place—compelled, unhappily, to be a solitary traveller—and this intelligence should never

have reached you through me, had not an accident brought it about. If you go there now, guess what a welcome will await you? Obloquy and insult will attend you. Had I been your enemy, I had better have invited you to come and witness, with your own eyes, his happiness. If you have influence sufficient to stay his career of wickedness and folly, I should urge you to go—but I fear that it is hopeless. And now I have finished; I can only regret, as matters have turned out, that I should have taken upon myself to address you, too hastily, it appears. And now, with your suspicion of my character, what motive will you impute to me? Jealousy? Revenge? I care not, judge for yourself—I have told you all. I take my leave; and, if I have done wrong, I crave your forbearance; if I can serve you, command me. All I hope to win—and what I prize highest—is, that you could entertain one kind thought for one whom your rejection has made desolate !”

He paused almost for breath; and then he drew out his handkerchief and covered his eyes.

Poor Ellen stood aghast, bewildered; she had not said a word; she had listened to every thing he spoke—and now she trembled as she stood. She showed no tears—though they were bursting on the brink—and her tongue seemed tied to the roots. She mastered herself, however, and spoke as firmly as she could—

“Mr. Davenport—I am willing to believe that your motive, in informing me of my husband’s indisposition, was a kind one—I thank you for it. My duty, however, to my husband, compels me to attend upon him, be the circumstances even as you state. It will be for him, afterwards, to decide upon what course he wishes me to pursue—I must beg you to excuse my presence any longer, as I wish there to be no further delay in my repairing to him.”

Ellen bowed and left the room, and Daven-

port quitted the house ; but not before the hospitable Mrs. Winton had invited him to partake of some refreshment—which, however, he declined.

His own peculiar smile played about his face as he walked away ; and he could not help flattering himself that he had most cunningly baited the trap, which had caught one smile of approval from the inexorable Ellen Horn, and he laughed, as he thought of the scene that would take place at Boulogne, and wished that he could be unseen and witness it.

CHAPTER IX.

AT the gate of the grand hotel at Boulogne a lady presented herself one day. She was dressed in deep mourning, and she looked weary, for she had travelled all night. She led by the hand a pretty little child, who could but just walk. She enquired of a smart *commissionnaire* in a laced cap, who was lounging in the gate-way, if Mr. Horn were there.

“ Yes, Monsieur was there, but he was just going out riding.”

“ Out riding !” repeated Ellen, for of course it was she, “ he is quite well then ?” and immediately she requested that he might be informed that a lady waited below to see him.

“ Certainly, Madame, a lady did you say ?”

“ Yes, a lady if you please.”

So away went the civil Frenchman with the message.

Mrs. Horn deemed it the most prudent course not to announce her name, and pressing her little treasure more closely towards her, she awaited in great nervousness for the reply, anxious to see her husband, yet dreading the interview. She feared he might be displeased at the bold step she had taken.

Her messenger returned.

“ Monsieur is particularly engaged now, and cannot see any one who does not send up their name and their business.”

“ Tell him then that it is his wife, or show me up to his room !”

“ His wife ! Ah, *ma foi*, it is not always

convenient to see one's wife!" answered the *cammissionnaire*, shrugging up his shoulders.

At this moment Horn suddenly emerged from the stair-case, curiosity having impelled him to see who the lady could be that sought of him an audience. He came forth daintily, looking sleek and comely, evidently his toilet had occupied no inconsiderable portion of his thoughts.

"Adolphe, where is the *Dam*, as you call her?" exclaimed he.

He then caught sight of his wife, but he could not believe his eyes,—he approached nearer, scrutinizing as he came—

"Oh! papa, papa!" exclaimed little Nelly, extending her arms towards him, as soon as she caught sight of her male parent.

"Ellen?—in the name of all that is wonderful is that you? what has brought you here? why did you not send me word that it was you?"

"Adrian, I did not know how you might

be engaged—I heard that you were ill, and I lost not a moment in coming to you!”

“Who might have told you that?”

“Your own friend Mr. Davenport. He wrote to me that you had met with an accident, which might prove serious, but he took the trouble of coming to me yesterday to say that you were better.”

“You saw him yesterday? Where?”

“At Dumpton Farm, where I had taken refuge, for you are doubtless aware that ‘The Retreat’ has been seized by your creditors. I could not tell what your wishes were, for you never answered my letters.”

“You never took the trouble to write any, I suspect,” retorted Horn.

“Oh! Adrian, I have written many, and in one I enclosed a cheque.”

“I have never received one.”

“Perhaps you did not go to the post-office to enquire?”

“No, I don’t say I did, but Davenport went

every day for the letters, and certainly he never delivered me any from you."

"That is most strange! There must be some mistake, they may be still awaiting you at the post-office, unless—" Ellen hardly ventured to express her suspicions. "As his account of your illness is untrue, perhaps he has equally deceived me as to other matters—"

"What other matters?"

"He told me—I blush to repeat what he said—that you were living here with Mrs. Massingham, that you had left London together, and that he was so greatly scandalised at your proceedings, that he had left Boulogne in consequence!"

Horn laughed at the idea of Davenport being scandalised at anything! He admitted that he had travelled in company with that lady, but their meeting was accidental, and he declared that she came to see Davenport, not him.

"So then, my lady, it is jealousy that has

brought you over here, and not anxiety for my accident?"

"Adrian, I have told you all, and I must leave you to judge of my intentions. My feelings towards you are unchanged, and oh! if you have one atom remaining of that love, which I so prized, I beseech you to suffer me to give the lie to these calumnies by remaining with you. I am your wife, and I have done nothing to forfeit that position! Let our child plead between us, our home is now desolate, but we might still be happy together; I would live anywhere with you, submit to any privations—"

"For Heaven's sake, Ellen, do not make a scene here, before all these people. I do not wish to be the general laughing-stock," said Horn, in an under tone. "You know I cannot return to England, however much I might desire it; and as to your remaining here, it is quite out of the question—there are insurmountable obstacles to that."

“Mr. Hoskyns (who attended my poor mother’s funeral), begged that I would urge you most seriously to consider the propriety of your surrendering yourself to your creditors, when he thinks all might be arranged.”

“No, I am not such a fool as that! If they catch hold of me, I must submit myself wholly to them; if I stay away, I can dictate my own terms; and then some confidential agent upon the spot, would be of great service to me, and such I hoped you would be, Ellen?”

“I will be anything that you wish, dear Adrian, if I could only hope that you would place your happiness in your own little household as heretofore, and could banish from your thoughts the false friends that flatter you on to distraction. And as to that dangerous Mrs. Massingham, what am I to believe?”

“Just what you please, my dear!” replied Horn; “but be assured that if Davenport does not speedily return, she will not remain here;

and if in the mean time she find my society agreeable, I see no reason why we should not associate. I shall not love you the less! and now, I think I had better accompany you to your hotel, dear!" said Horn, in his most insinuating manner, feeling no little small inward pride at the ability which he had displayed in wheedling his wife, and also a presentiment that Mrs. Massingham was about to appear, a collision which was highly desirable to avoid.

So having called to Adolphe to say that he should be back in half-an-hour, he caught up Nelly in his arms, and Ellen directed him to her hostelry, which lay convenient to the port. Ellen was sensible enough to perceive, that submission was her best policy, and that she would not further her ends, by pertinacity.

"I have brought you a hundred pounds, Adrian, which my dear mother left you in her will, with her best wishes!" said Ellen, on her way.

“That will be very acceptable,” he replied, “for I am sure I am hard up !”

They had now reached their destination ; he deposited his daughter on the ground with a kiss ; Ellen declared they would be glad of a little repose ; and Horn having said he must now be off, bade farewell to his wife and child, promising to look in again shortly.

He hurried back. Mrs. Massingham was already mounted, awaiting his arrival in the court-yard. They had arranged to make a long excursion that day, to some object of note in the vicinity.

“Pray, sir,” said she, after his excuses had been made, and as they rode away together, “who may be the interesting widow that you were so earnestly conversing with ? and for whom, you have kept me waiting half an hour—do you call that behaving like a true and faithful knight ? I shall tell your wife of you !”

"You may save yourself that trouble," replied Adrian, blushing, "for the interesting widow, as you describe her, was my wife!"

"Your wife? is it possible? and what have you done with her; where have you left her?"

"I have left her to go home again."

"How could you leave her? Were you not glad to see her? And is she going home alone?"

"She came alone; so I suppose she can return alone. I did not send for her."

"Why did you not offer to introduce me to Mrs. Horn?" she asked, turning more particularly towards him.

"If you must know the truth," replied Adrian, reddening and pulling up his shirt-collar, "you are the very last person in the world that I should venture to present to my loving spouse."

"Wherefore?" said Mrs Massingham, reining in her horse.

“Because she has taken it into her head to be very jealous of you,” replied Horn, laughing as though it were a good joke.

“Jealous of *me*!” exclaimed Mrs. Massingham; “I really did not know that your wife knew so much about me, as my name. You have undeceived her, of course, on that point, and set her mind at rest?”

“Oh, yes, as much as I could; but you know that when you ladies take a crotchet in your heads, it is next to impossible to drive it out!”

“Really, I should wish to return—it is so unfair to leave her by herself, when she came expressly to see you,” observed Mrs. Massingham; and, suiting the action to the word, she wheeled her horse round.

“Pray do not give yourself any further concern on that score, for my wife is to return to England by a steamer this evening, and she is now gone to rest the child and herself, for they are both fagged by being up all night.”

Mrs. Massingham said no more at that time, but she became quite serious, and evidently her thoughts were engrossed by the incident of the day.

They proceeded on their way, both having relapsed into silence, and it became an effort to converse. Before they had nearly attained the point which they had started with the intention of gaining, Mrs. Massingham pleaded fatigue, and begged they might return. Of course, the urbane cavalier could raise no dissenting voice to that proposal, and the lady seemed to have taken into her head a sudden determination to gallop home with all speed. But, unluckily for her intentions, her horse chanced to cast a fore-shoe, and the roads being hard and flinty, the animal hurt his foot, and fell lame, so that the fair equestrian was obliged to dismount and walk.

It was long before they arrived at a smithy, which they at length found in a straggling village. The rain began to descend in heavy

drops, so that while the dark-visaged Vulcan was plying his trade, they took refuge in the little *auberge* which adjoined, on the shutters of which were depicted, in glowing colors, specimens of good cheer such as the house never could have afforded—numberless *patés* of all shapes, and spectre flasks of red wine emptying themselves spontaneously into handy tumblers, and bottles of *bière de Mars*, the effervescence of which no human corks could possibly restrain.

The host bowed them into his best room. Mrs. Massingham was evidently pre-occupied—she began almost immediately :

“There is a mystery to me in your wife’s sudden appearance, and her sudden flight, which I would feign unravel, unless there be any reason for keeping it secret.”

“None whatever,” replied Horn; “the affair is simple enough: she heard that I was ill, and came off to nurse me, as she was agreeably disappointed and found nothing the matter

with me, there was no farther cause for her remaining, and I recommended her to get home without delay."

Mrs. Massingham listened, but she was evidently unsatisfied.

"Hah! But who could have imposed upon her with the story of your being ill?"

"That's the curious part of it. Miles Davenport wrote and told her so; I suppose he frightened himself into the belief that my fall off the horse was to be something very appalling, and in the excess of his zeal he writes off to apprise her; then when he found I recovered so speedily, he perceived he had been too hasty, and he went over and saw my wife, and tried to stop her from coming; but she was resolved to come and judge for herself, so she came."

"How very odd that Miles should write and say that you were ill! for there was no pretext for that."

"None whatever. I am at a loss to understand his motive, although I have his letter to

my wife here, in my pocket, which doubtless will explain all; but I have not yet read it."

Horn, although he had been so constantly in Mrs. Massingham's society, had never as yet mentioned any circumstances that had transpired with regard to his wife and Davenport. Obvious reasons prompted silence to him in that respect: first of all, his self-pride (*amour-propre* as it is termed;) he wished to stand well in Mrs. Massingham's estimation, and he was uncertain how far he might venture to press any insinuations against his imaginary rival. He had cunning enough to take advantage of this opening to fling a few inuendos against the absent, who are said to be always in the wrong.

"I dare say he was glad of an excuse for seeing his old love," continued Horn.

"His old love!—what do you mean? I can't understand you—explain yourself!"

"Why, don't you know that he was madly

enamoured of my wife, before she was married—that he proposed and was refused—and that, afterwards, it was his conduct that drove my wife from London?”

“No; I never heard this till now,” said Mrs. Massingham, growing deadly pale. “Will you not read this letter to your wife; it may throw some light on those portions of his conduct which appear to me, inexplicable?”

Horn drew the letter out of his pocket; he discreetly glanced his eye over it at first. His countenance exhibited strong symptoms of surprise—which his companion failed not to notice.

“Well,” said she, impatiently, “what is it?”

“No! by the powers, this is too bad—I cannot read it out to you.”

“Nonsense!” said she, “read it! It is no breach of confidence.”

He still declined—but she persisted—and declared that she had a right to see it; and, if

he refused that, this should be the last time of her ever addressing him.

So Adrian yielded to her demand—and she seized the letter from his hand—and, with a changing colour, devoured its contents.

“ Well,” said she, as soon as she had finished it ; “ I am still at a loss to discover why he wrote at all ; and, pray, what may be the circumstances (if I am not penetrating too far into family matters), which should render her meeting with you so painful ? He invites her over her in one line, and in the next, conjures her not to come ? ”

“ You have been acquainted so long with Miles,” replied Adrian, after a little consideration, “ that you must be well aware how difficult it is to fathom his intentions. The circumstances to which he alludes, I presume, to be the chance of my wife’s encountering you.”

Mrs. Massingham opened her eyes and looked all astonishment.

“He appears,” continued Horn, “to have needlessly, and, I may say, mischievously, alarmed Ellen. I was quite aware that he admired my wife—but I had every confidence in her—and, to tell you the truth, I did not much care—for I was in hopes—”

“Well, go on—do not hesitate.”

“I *was* in hopes his intimacy with her might estrange him from you—for you cannot be ignorant of my utter admiration for you—and that I am overhead and ears in love with you!”

“I am more and more surprised,” replied Mrs. Massingham, in a tone of great emotion, fetching her breath with difficulty. “There has been some deep game played around me, whilst my eyes were closed to it. I am humiliated beyond measure, that you should have fancied, by my conduct, that I received you in any other light than as a friend, or rather, a friend’s friend.”

“I should never have flattered myself, had I

not Davenport's own assertion that I was not unacceptable to you ; in plain terms, he told me that I had cut him out, and that he kept away from your house in consequence."

"Let me put an end to all doubt upon that point, at once," exclaimed Mrs. Massingham, energetically ; "You have no reason to flatter yourself whatever. And, let me tell you, that you are entirely mistaken as to my character. He wished me to treat you with particular attention—and to make my house as agreeable as possible to you—but, beyond the object of securing your partnership in some business transaction, for which your capital seemed available, I was not aware that he had any other motive."

"I believed, when I first became acquainted with you, that you were attached to one another ; I remember seeing a locket one day," observed Horn.

"Attached ! I was devoted to him above everything in the world ! He was my first and

early love—and my affection has increased with my years!” exclaimed she, in a burst of enthusiasm which seemed to have unintentionally escaped from her. “As to the locket—do not mistake that,” she added, trembling all the while she spoke; “that was the miniature of my father! Oh! you must relieve me from this dreadful imputation—you owe it to me—seek your wife at once—your conduct to her, this day, must confirm her opinion of me—you must undeceive her, or I will.”

“What do you wish me to tell her? what a fool I have been making of myself?” interrupted Horn.

“Tell her all!—I am sorry for you, but it is a lesson that you deserve.—Think what her feelings must be!—Depend upon it her suspicions are much greater than the reality, and it will be a relief to her to find that it is no worse. Let not unfounded jealousy destroy her happiness,—I too well know that wretchedness—(It is misery enough to have broken

one heart, I will not add another, if I can avert it!) My horse must be ready by this time, pray go and see, do not let us delay a moment."

Adrian obeyed, he was quite crest-fallen, the lofty castles he had constructed crumbled and dissolved at the wand of the enchantress—he had not a word to urge, they mounted and away—scarce a syllable was spoken—each occupied with their thoughts—Horn in vain attempts to discover some subterfuge to avoid this explanation with his wife—but still they hurried on. Horn declared he knew the road, but they took a wrong turn which led them some miles away from their destination. Mrs. Massingham proposed that they should proceed at once to the port, without dismounting; they did so. There was the black smoke from the funnel of a steamer,—a crowd was collected alongside, and just as the equestrians rode up—they heard the order of "go-a-head" from the commander,—the paddles splashed

in the water, and Ellen and her child were borne away again across the waves, to the inexpressible relief of Adrian Horn !

Power of speech returned to him, and he mentioned the circumstance of his letters, and he requested Mrs. Massingham to interpret for him his enquiries at the post-office. They went there—she put the question, the clerk retired to examine.—No, there was nothing for anybody of that name. She asked again, could there be no mistake, for some letters had certainly been forwarded to this destination.—No, there could be no mistake.

“ Horn ? Horn ? ” spoke a brother-clerk reflectingly, who happened to be close at hand, and overheard the conversation. “ *Oui, je me rappelle,—comment s’appelle-t-il ce grand noir qui logeait a l’hôtel — ?* ” said he interrogatively to some others in the office, “ Dav—Dav—oui, yes, Madame,” he continued, addressing the fair postulant in good English, “ Monsieur

Davenport always received his friend Monsieur Horn's letters !''

Mrs. Massingham then thanked the officials and withdrew.

Adrian saw no more of her in the evening. She sent down word that she had a head-ache and should remain in her bed-room.

CHAPTER X.

HORN was late in rising next morning. When he descended, he found a note on his breakfast-table, — in was in Mrs. Massingham's writing, — he tore it open — it announced her departure.

When she quitted London so suddenly, she had given orders that her house should be let, as she vainly figured to herself that her presence would be a consolation to Davenport in his misfortunes. But she now announced in

her note to Adrian, that as the reasons which had led her to Boulogne no longer existed, as her house fortunately remained unlet, she intended to retake possession of it without loss of time. That he must be aware, after what had transpired, that it was for the advantage of both that they should part as soon as possible. She moreover hoped to be enabled to obtain an interview with Mrs. Horn, when she should enter upon the fullest explanations, and by them she calculated upon removing any obstacles that might exist as to their entire reconciliation, and to restore a perfect understanding between them, which it would be her anxious desire to promote.

Adrian questioned the waiter as to the time of her departure, and found that she sailed two hours before.

“Well,” thought he, as he dived into the delicacies of a woodcock pie, “it can’t be helped, and it must be endured, so here I am left alone, and I must needs make the best of

it. And so he did. He rode a fine horse, and he ordered suits of clothes; and he discovered the necessity of having a valet to assist at his toilet, and his outlay in perfumery, and polished boots, was extensive. It was wonderful that the tradesmen, so often victimised, should be so easily imposed upon; but Horn (he was apparently becoming *sharper*) contrived to settle his hotel bills every evening, consequently, the landlord was always prepared to all enquiries to give him the best of characters.

By the bye, to Mrs. Massingham's honor be it stated, that before quitting Boulogne, she collected and discharged all the debts that Davenport had contracted during his short sojourn there.

Horn often wrote to Ellen now, for he was frequently in want of money, and she supplied him to the extent of her ability. One day she wrote that she had been surprised by a visit from that hitherto dreaded personage Mrs.

Massingham. She thought her the most interesting character she had ever met with, and was not at all surprised at the fascination she exercised over him.

“If I were a man,” wrote Ellen, “she is just the person I should rave about. She made me so happy by what she told me, that doubtlessly I am prejudiced in her favor. As to him—I will not disgrace this letter, by naming so great a villain!”

“Pretty strong that for my wife!” thought Horn.

Then there were a thousand kisses from little Nell, who was made to express herself as unable any longer to bear the absence of her papa!

“And all that’s very fine,” said Adrian to himself; “but I don’t see the fun of going home, and being patted on the back like a naughty boy, who has fallen into the water, and is forgiven because he has been so nearly drowned.”

Ellen's remittances, and she forwarded to him within a trifle of all she received, could not keep pace with his extravagance. Another monetary crisis was at hand for him! One fine day, having previously borrowed small sums of the waiter, Adolphe, and every available person, he gave them the slip, valet and all, and having surreptitiously removed his valuables, he hopped across the frontier, lighted on his legs, and honored the town of Ostende with his company for a season.

It was easier to cut a dash here, and he soon became conspicuous. He made acquaintances at the *tables d'hôtes*, and even played cards in the public rooms.

"Fame," however, "flies on eagle's wings," and the "*Aigle du Nord*" newspaper, soon put forth a paragraph that "an English dandy, whose initial was H., and whose name in French implied *Corne*, had eloped from Boulogne-sur-mer, leaving a host of creditors unsatisfied!"

He dropped all his ready money at cards ; and whilst endeavouring to repair his losing^s, he was detected in the act of cheating, and was publicly expelled the rooms ; and an indignant John Bull actually accelerated his retreat, by implanting a kick somewhere below the region of the dorsal fin.

Horn felt very miserable and solitary that night after this *fracas*, he wandered about, and felt himself a persecuted being. What was he to do? where was he to go? He could not remain there, that was quite certain, and it would be a somewhat hazardous experiment to re-enter France.

Whilst thus wandering, he knew not whither, a person passed him, and stared hard at him. Horn took no notice, but continued on his path. The person, however, was apparently not satisfied with the scrutiny, for he turned back to have another look.

“Is it not Mr. Horn?”

Horn stood stock still.

“Yes, it is my *goot* friend Mr. Horn! Who’d have ever thought of such a thing?”

It was Schimmel, the German jew—*The* Baron as he has been denominated. The surprise was mutual; Adrian expressed himself very glad to see him, and so he was, for this, in his desolation, appeared like the windfall of a friend, an old face once familiar—one who had known him in other days, in more prosperous times, and the ghosts of suppers and merry-meetings rose up before him, as they shook hands heartily.

Schimmel naturally asked him what he was doing there, and Horn replied that he was doing nothing, that he was sick to death of the place, and longed to be off; and then he enquired how Schimmel came to be there.

“On a little amusement,” replied he. “I have a yacht here—a fine cutter, nothing can catch her; and if you, my *tear* friend, are disposed, I shall give you a free passage gratis, and you shall pay nothing for it. I am sure, all

your *goot* friends in London would be very happy to see you."

"No doubt," replied Horn; "and I should be clapped in limbo next day, for I am unfortunately subject to the bankrupt-laws."

"Not a bit! if you like to come and stay with me, you shall be in my house, as safe as in your own bed here. There are some jolly fellows who meet there every night—men of honor, who would not peach for a thousand pounds. He had better come over and see the fun, he would be as safe as the bank."

Adrian had a great mind to try it, and to accept the offer. Schimmel perceived he wavered, and was at him again.

"You start to-night," observed Adrian. "You see it would be inconvenient for me to leave, to settle my hotel bill, just at present, so that I should be under the necessity of leaving my clothes behind."

"Not a bit, my dear friend," replied the other. "We shall manage it so:—you go to

your hotel immediately, and retire to your room; I will call and ask for you, saying that I am a Flushing cloth-merchant, bringing you the roll of broadcloth which you had ordered—leave the rest to me.”

Horn liked the fun of the thing, and he agreed to do it, and forthwith returned to his hotel. He repaired at once to his room, having given orders below, that if a person called with a parcel, he was to wait to be paid for it.

Very shortly, the waiter announced, “*un marchand de draps*,” and Schimmel entered, carrying a large bag upon his shoulders. He made his obeisance, and informed Monsieur he had waited on him with his cloth. As soon as the waiter had left the apartment, the Baron locked the door and proceeded to empty the contents of his bag upon the floor. Silks, laces and tobacco were strewed about in all directions.

Adrian stared in stupid astonishment.

“There are valuables worth looking at, eh?”

And now, my *tear* Horn, look sharp. Give me your clothes."

Schimmel proceeded to a chest of drawers, and crammed everything he found into his bag.

"And now, my *goot* Horn, as I hope I am obliging you, just favor me by putting that tobacco-leaf in your boots and hat, and rolling those silks and laces round your waist. You are so beautifully slim that you can do it without risk—as for me, unfortunately my corpulence is always an incumbrance, and I am always suspected."

Horn hesitated.

"Oh, nonsense, make haste; it's all fair, you know—I've got your clothes quite safe," urged Schimmel, as much as to say, that if Horn did not do as he told him, he should walk off with his clothes.

Adrian tried to make the best of it, and treat this extraordinary proceeding as a joke, but he did not relish it at all; he thought it a danger-

ous game to play, but there was no evading the wily jew, who showed him how to dispose the contraband goods about his person.

“ Now, as soon after I leave you, as you please, slip down stairs, make the best of your way to the harbour; you will find a man there waiting for you, with a lanthorn, follow him and he will lead you to the boat. The revenue officers will not hinder you, they are all very good friends of mine; if any one accosts you, say you are looking for The Leveret.”

And down went the Baron; encountering the waiter in the hall, he informed him that it was all right, Monsieur had paid, and there was a *franc* for him *pour boire*!

Horn stood still; he was in a dilemma, and for the life of him he could not tell how he had got into it! One thing was certain, there was no use his remaining there; he had been insulted—kicked—suspected—no, any change was for the better. So he ran down stairs and passed the gates unperceived. He recollected

his instructions—he observed the man with the light, and he asked for the “Leveret.” The sailor replied “all right,” led him down some steps to a boat, they pushed off for the cutter—Schimmel was already on board, and received his dear friend with all honor, and he laughed as he poked his finger against him and felt the properties that enveloped him. All was in readiness, and they got under weigh immediately.

“How do you like my yacht?” enquired Schimmel when they had descended into the little cabin.

“Oh! delightful, charming, I should like nothing better than to take a cruise in her,” replied Horn who perceived preparations in progress for some supper, and he felt hungry.

“Capital way of keeping out of one’s creditor’s reach, eh?—but to tell you the truth, this is not my yacht, but a regular trader between the port of Ostend and London, and we are but passengers on board, I find it suit

my purpose to make use of her occasionally, but I suppose from my frequent voyages and my bulky appearance, the Custom-house officers begin to look suspiciously upon me—”

“What, am I likely to undergo an examination from them, in consequence of being seen in your company?” exclaimed Horn, looking dreadfully alarmed, “if so, I’ll soon drop your infernal wraps of silk and lace, and your smelling tobacco, to the bottom of the sea!”

“My goot friend, be not frightened, I would not for any money put you to the least inconvenience; your appearance is as good as a passport. You have only to walk on shore, I will answer that you are not molested.”

Supper was put on the table. Some cold meat and a bottle of Schiedam. Horn enjoyed himself and felt inspirited, and when he laid down, he dreamt of Will Watch the bold smuggler, and then that he, by some strange freak of fortune, had become converted into

the daring captain of a gallant privateer, and saw himself habited in proper guise of theatronautical properties—the bare neck, the corkscrew ringlets, the leathern girdle with the brace of bull-dogs.

“Ho! ho! ho! mercy, mercy—what was that?” shrieked out the would-be naval hero, vaulting with one bound from his cot to the centre of the cabin-floor.

“Got in Himmel! vot is the matter with mygoot friend?” exclaimed the worthy Israelite, starting up from an opposite couch, where his long nose had been regaling itself with deep-drawn snores.

“I thought I heard a gun—I fancied we were pursued,” said Horn rubbing his eyes.

“Is dat all?—now my dear young friend compose yourself to sleep again—stay, I’ll ask—hollo! on deck there?” shouted the Baron at the full pitch of his voice.

“Ay, ay,” replied a gruff voice.

“What’s stirring?”

“ Nuffin—wind lively—off Sheerness, morning gun just fired from guard-ship.”

“ Oh! is that all?” replied Adrian, feeling rather small. Schimmel after a preparatory yawn or two, returned to the land of Nod, but Horn was so thoroughly aroused, that the hope of slumber had fled, so he threw his cloak over his shoulders and went on deck.

It was a lovely morning, the early sun shot forth its golden beams, and the little cutter

“ Walked the waters like a thing of life.”

By breakfast time they were off Sandford Reach, and then appeared in view the shrubberies of The Retreat, then the house opened upon them with its sloping lawn. The windows all were closed, but by the water-gates a board with large letters was apparent.—
“ This house to be let or sold.”

Horn fetched a deep sigh, as he surveyed the place with melancholy pleasure. Could he

ever live there again? The world had tainted him now with its breath.—He had seen enough—he rushed down the companion—and banished painful thought by a fearful onslaught on coffee, bacon, and fried fish!

In due course of time, they brought up in “The Pool,” and the “Leveret” took up her moorings. A Custom-house officer came on board and overhauled the luggage and merchandise, the passengers were then allowed to depart. So the Baron and Horn stepped into a wherry, and were conveyed ashore, and they made their way in safety to Schimmel’s house in Whitechapel.

It was a strange abode that old house of Schimmel’s, it is removed now, or, perchance, it may have fallen down, for it was in a most decrepit condition. The front towards the street had once presented a whitened aspect, but the stucco had fallen off in large patches, and exposed the bricks to view. Some rusty iron rails, by no means complete as to their

number, partitioned off a narrow area, where dank weeds grew in luxuriance, and probably afforded a pleasing retreat for toads. The windows, which were small, seemed never to have been cleaned, and the paint of the sashes had peeled off. Passers-by might have supposed the house to have been "in Chancery," from its neglected condition, were not its neighbours in about the same state.

The entrance door was at the side, up a narrow passage, which led from the street—and continued the length of the premises, flanking a strip of garden at the back, and at the end of that, it branched off to the right and to the left, in the shape of a T, so that there were three ways of approaching the door. The lower compartments of the house, were chiefly occupied in the carrying on of the proprietor's ostensible business, namely, in the manufacture of cigars, and the compounding of fancy snuffs, in the skilful preparation of which, doubtless requiring some manual dexterity,

many persons were employed, whose Israelitish cast of countenance determined their origin; they probably had been selected from their being "light-fingered gentry." Then there was a dark room that Schimmel called his office, where he received those who called on business, which, whatever that might be, the majority appeared to prefer taking the devious course of the alley from the back, rather than approaching the house by the more conspicuous entrance from the street.

The Baron led the way over his premises, and they required a conductor, and he showed his guest up-stairs, and introduced him to a bed-room, where Horn took the opportunity of divesting himself of his multiform wraps, and emptied the tobacco out of his boots. Schimmel thanked him as he gradually unrolled, and handed to him the goods, which the facetious merchant declared had "run a little to *waist*," and he informed him the "Leveret" had some other merchandise of his, snugly

stowed to deceive the officer's eyes, which would be landed piece-meal, as opportunities might occur.

"Here is another bed-room," observed the Baron, holding open the door in his hand till Horn entered, "and a very tear friend of mine lies sick here—he is very bad, poor fellow!"

Adrian had advanced midway into the room, when an arm was shot out from the bed-clothes, and withdrew the curtain.

"Davenport here!" exclaimed Horn, suddenly retreating.

"Yes, the same; and how are you, Horn? By George, there's no end of one's happiness here! I am delighted to see you!"

"I am very sorry that I cannot return the compliment. I consider that you have behaved deuced ill to me—I don't understand your conduct," replied Horn, quite sulkily.

"And, therefore, you cannot appreciate it. Now, Horn, my fine fellow, don't set your back up. What have I done—when you had a fall

from your horse, and were incapacitated from writing, I wrote and informed your wife—was not that a friendly act? And, then, when her arrival would be extremely embarrassing to you, I tried all in my power to stop her from coming—was not that still more friendly?”

“What business had you to write, at all?” exclaimed the still unpacified Adrian.

“That was your business, I own; but, then, you neglected it. If a man neglects his business, it is a friendly act to do it for him, surely?”

“Even to the saving him the trouble of reading his own letters, and appropriating, to his advantage, anything valuable that they may contain?” interposed Horn.

“Ha! ha! ha!” roared Davenport, after staring at his friend for a moment; “upon my life, it is no use trying to deceive you, Horn! But, why should we quarrel? We meet, at all events, now, upon equal terms. Have you not been endeavouring to gain over my friend,

Mrs. Massingham, just as much as I have been anxious to insinuate myself into the good graces of your wife? You chuckled at your imaginary success, and crowed over my supposed defeat. Oh! I saw it all—don't imagine that I was blind to what was passing around me! Now, look at our position, here are two ladies and two gentlemen—the ladies are faithful to their professions—honor be to the sex—but each gentleman admires the lady he should not—a sort of 'hands across and down the middle affair.' You are wrong in not being true to your wife—but you have as much right to question my motives, as I have to call you to account,—and we have only to assist one another's views in order to give mutual satisfaction. As to the letters—why, you know, all is fair in love and war; and, as to the money, don't fear but that you shall have your own again—and here's the first instalment," said Miles, raising himself up, in order to abstract a pocket-book from under the pillow—from which he drew out

a bank note—which he placed in Horn's hands.

Adrian stood mute—for the best of reasons—he did not know what to say—but he was evidently subsiding into his accustomed temper. Davenport continued, as though he assumed it for granted, that Horn was satisfied and convinced by the explanation he had offered.

“And, now, my dear fellow, seeing how our interests are united, tell me what plans have you formed ; how, and where do you intend to live? For it is necessary to act with great caution ; you are not, perhaps, aware that we have been proclaimed outlaws?”

“Confound it ! do you really mean that ?” inquired Adrian, looking quite appalled—for he had formed his opinion of persons in that predicament, from what he had seen in romances or plays—and had pictured to himself these black-muzzled, ferocious, outcasts, with a dagger and pistol at their waist—who constitute the leading characters in melo-dramas—

who are always hiding and are continually shot at, and those who shoot at them—are supposed to be doing the state some service.

“Yes; I do mean it,” replied Davenport, “but it affects me no further, than that I derive some satisfaction from beholding my name in such good company. It never had the advantage of being associated with so many illustrious personages before! I have been confined to my bed lately, and have suffered a good deal—for I have led such a life since I have been here. But, although I have recovered from that, I still find it convenient to convert night into day—so I prowls about in the shadows of darkness, and sleep during all the blessed sunshine. I feel, however, that this cannot endure for ever—and so I have been turning my attention to emigration. I seriously meditate removing myself from under the benign auspices of the Lion and Unicorn, and turning backwoodsman in the United States. What say you?”

“ I can’t say I much fancy the notion—but one thing is certain, that I cannot remain here,” replied Horn.

“ No, exactly—but where can one go, or what can one do? The cards I have played have not turned up trumps, and I must abide the consequences. There are fortunately worlds elsewhere, and under present circumstances, it would be convenient to be under any laws than those of the British Constitution. If I can’t be a great man here, perhaps I may shine among the Indians—who knows but that I may become King of the Cannibal Islands, and own many squaws, and piccanninies without number—blessed state! Seriously, what could you do better? With your wife and daughter, if it be pleasing to you, you might live again in your own house, free from duns and bankrupt-laws! Here are plenty of books I have been studying, take and read them, I fancy they will inoculate you with the same desires. Here’s ‘ The Emi-

grant's Guide,' 'The Squatter's Manual,' 'The Settler's Vade-Mecum,' 'Kee Koo; or, Scenes in the Back-Woods,' and plenty of others."

"How are we to get out—and it's no use without capital, and where is that to come from?"

"I have not lost sight of that," replied Davenport, quickly, for he seemed quite intent on this new project of his. "As soon as you have decided whether you could make up your mind to leave your country, provided I could show you how to procure the means of doing so, I will then explain how I propose that we should effect our purpose. But now I want you to tell me all that has passed in my absence—I am all anxiety to learn how you got off with your wife, I did all I could to prevent it, I give you my honor, but tell me all, there's a good fellow, and then you shall have my story, and to-night as soon as honest men are gone to bed, we will sally forth, I will show you my new haunts, dens of iniquity, I promise you—it is instructive

to read life in every variety—I have shown you something of high life, I will now introduce you to low life, and you will agree with me, that the latter possesses most wit, talent and originality.”

Schimmel had left the room at the commencement of the conversation, so the two friends were left to discuss their plans.

CHAPTER X.

THEY had much to say, those two friends, and they talked long. There were no eaves-droppers, for Schimmel was busy below. Horn had become more wary now, thanks to the world's experience, and Davenport frequently found himself baffled in eliciting the information he required. In reply to his numerous questions Horn contented himself with a very bare exposition of facts; he was determined not to afford his rival the triumph of hearing from his

lips how entirely the delusion with respect to Mrs. Massingham was destroyed, and how that despite the attentions he had lavished upon her, Davenport reigned supreme, and that he had played but a cipher's part in her affections. Adrian imparted just as much intelligence as suited his purpose; that his wife had arrived and, after an interview with him, had left again in the evening, that Mrs. Massingham had also returned home, and that he, in consequence of the emptiness of his pockets, had gladly availed himself of Schimmel's offer of a free passage; after which, Davenport gave some account of his proceedings, which were only glowing descriptions of the lowest debauchery.

At night they went forth, and under cover of the darkness, sought what unfortunately is of easy attainment, the haunts of revelling, and rioting and wickedness. Davenport was quite an altered person, not only in appearance but also in manner; the elegance and refinement which he had professed, and the high

tone which he had assumed had vanished, and he appeared far more at ease in the coarseness of licentiousness and profanity which had succeeded to them. There was a recklessness and devil-may-care expression about him, now, which was never apparent before. He had shaved off his whiskers, and he wore a light scrubby wig, instead of the black, waving curls in which he formerly gloried; he stooped in his gait, so as to conceal his height; in short, the dashing Miles Davenport was quite lost sight of in the low debauchée that now shambled along in obscurity. He advised Horn to transform his outward man as much as possible, whereupon, black coloring liquid was applied to the fair hair, and long jet whiskers presented a formidable appearance.

Davenport introduced his companion to some of the lowest tippling cribs—haunts of the loosest characters—fashionable houses of call for mendicants of both sexes, who were enacting the Beggar's Opera to the life, roused by the

squeaking of a cracked fiddle. Here was Low Life in every phase, from the skilful cracksman to the meanest sneak. Figures such as "Tom and Jerry," has placed upon the stage, were regaling themselves with savoury stews, hot cockles, tripe, sheep's-heads, trotters, sausages, pig's-frys, onions, and other delicacies; dense smoke from countless pipes mystified the scene, and threw its waving veil on all. Groups in almost unseen corners, were intent upon cards, or rattling dice upon the floor or seated round some convenient barrel. Beggars who had torn off their bandages and plaisters, and had laid aside their wooden legs, "dusty Bobs" in colored plush were footing it fantastically with vagrants male and female, black and white. Amongst all these, Davenport seemed quite at home.

They visited many dens like these, and Adrian was delighted beyond measure. Th e his conductor withdrew him from these scenes to another quarter of the town. He pointed

out a "hell," and bade him enter boldly and change his note for gold.

"Throw down one of the sovereigns that you receive in change—if you win with it, go on, if not, come away," said he.

Horn, who had been imbibing spirits, and was pretty well wound up for anything, did as he was enjoined, while Davenport awaited his return at an adjacent corner. He was not long in re-appearing. He said he had changed the note, played one sovereign, lost it, and brought the rest away.

"That's right!" said Davenport, "come on, let's move away as quickly as we can!" he led him away to some other resort, where they supped and passed the remainder of the night, and the sleepy watchmen were calling the small hours, and the sweeps were beginning to crawl about, and the market-gardeners were looking in for their early drams, before the virtuous pair attained the recesses of Schimmel's abode.

“ You know what you did last night ? ” observed Miles to Horn next day.

“ How do you mean ? ” enquired the other.

“ You have broken the criminal laws of the land by passing a flash-note, that’s all ! ” said Davenport with much coolness.

“ A flash-note !—I ?—upon my life, that’s too bad, I’ll be hanged if I keep that quiet ! ”

“ You’ll be hanged if you don’t,” replied Miles, quietly smiling.

“ I’ll go and get the note back, or I’ll give information to the police—I’ll not do your dirty work at the risk of my neck ! ”

“ Now, my good fellow, don’t make a fuss about nothing. First of all you could not find out the house where you changed it if you tried, and secondly, it would not be convenient for you to appear at a police-court at present, and I doubt whether an outlaw’s evidence would be received at all. It is what I have been practising nightly. If I had told you before hand that it was a forgery, you would

have been alarmed, but you see with what perfect ease they can be passed. They are such admirable counterfeits that no one could detect them, till they are examined at the Bank of England. At gambling-tables they do not scrutinise the money very particularly, and if you were found out, they would rather hush the matter up, than that public attention should be drawn to their tables by such an advertisement. As we are not likely to remain long here, let's enjoy ourselves as much as possible, and on the slightest warning of danger we would be off in a twinkling. The 'Leveret' would always be handy to carry us out to sea."

By such specious arguments as these, Davenport in time removed all scruples from Horn's mind, and by constantly keeping up an excitement of dissipation, conscience became deadened and ceased from troubling. Horn, too, wonderfully seconded his friend in carrying out his views, by the zest with which he entered upon

this new mode of life ; there was a charm to Adrian in the very fact of stealing out when the moon was shining or the stars were bright, or still better, when only the dim glimmering of the oil-lamps in the streets made "darkness visible." His passions were aroused, and his appetites as yet un-palled, he had become enamoured of dissipation, fresh excitement was heaped upon excitement, to the extinction of every good principle ; Davenport varied as much as possible the routine of gaiety, and pandered as much as he could to his tastes, and Horn's great aim seemed to be to banish thought.

The note-changing went on and prospered ; the plan they adopted, was for Adrian to attend one of those places, then of more public resort, justly termed "hells," where he produced a five-pound note, the smallness of the amount affording less chance of its being refused, and then, having received the gold, he was prepared with a bad sovereign in his hand, which he placed on the table immediately as though it were

one of those just received in change. If he won with that he continued to play, if not he carried away his five sovereigns.

Matters had arrived at that pass for Miles to flatter himself that Adrian's mind had become sufficiently vitiated to serve to carry out the further purposes of his scheme.

Davenport seized an opportunity of talking with him seriously one day.

"I told you," he began, "that things could not remain in this state for ever. We have had our fun, we have run to the end of our tether, and we had better be off. For depend upon it, that there are so many of our notes in circulation, that the Bank will institute some most searching enquiries. Now at present there is nothing to hinder us, we have luckily escaped detection, and the only thing to prevent us is the want of capital to set us up in a new world. Do you recollect asking me if we could not get hold of your wife's money without old Hoskyns' signature? Well,

nothing would be easier.—If you could bring your hand just to write his name the money is ours. The way I should propose to do it, would be to procure two powers of attorney, to which our friend Wiggle would help us, one I would fill up and sign as trustee, the other you should sign for Hoskyns. I dare say you know his signature, and have often seen it; Wiggle shall procure a Stock-broker, some well-known man, beyond suspicion, and the nine thousand pounds shall be ours in a crack; the instant the money is received we will be off to sea.”

“What! rob my wife and child?” exclaimed Adrian, interrupting the plan.

“Not a bit of it! neither of them would lose a farthing by it.”

Horn shook his head, and could not entertain the thought of such a thing for a moment.

“Why, here you have been uttering bank-notes—knowing them to be forgeries—and now you hesitate to write a name on a piece of

printed paper ! I really can't understand your scruples ; or, rather, your reasonings. As far as the crime goes, you stand just in as much danger now, as if you had forged all the monies of the exchequer. You may as well be hanged for a sheep as a lamb, is a common saying—but true enough. You say you cannot remain in England ; where would you go ? How would you live ? Suppose you were to surrender yourself to your creditors—and, eventually, were enabled to pay your debts—having obtained your trustee's sanction to handle your wife's property—well, what then ? What would remain to you for existence ? Nothing a year, and find yourself ! Now, by my plan, allowing that we succeed in fobbing your wife's fortune and get clear off, the bank would be the only loser, as they would have to refund it to the trustees ; your wife and child would not, by any means, be sufferers by it—they can follow you—and you will have doubled your capital to commence life afresh."

It was some time before the tempter could prevail upon his dupe to look upon the matter as he set it before his eyes ; but a drop of water will, in time, perforate the hardest stone ; and Horn's nature was, by no means, of that flinty order, which is impenetrable of access.

Horn's chief source of hesitation arose from the thought of his wife. If he committed such an act, with what eyes could he behold her again, the pure, the innocent-minded Ellen ? If she became cognisant of his crime, could she consent to live with him again ? And yet, his mind did, now, with strange contrariety, frequently direct itself upon her. When lying awake, a prey to low spirits and raging fever, subdued by racking head-aches, and feeling all the wearisomeness and restlessness, which the fumes and excitement of the over-night's dissipation had engendered, he felt that there was no toil so hard as that of the votary of pleasure. It was in moments such as these, that he thought upon his wife and child—neglected,

deserted by him—the bright dream of Mrs. Massingham, that had first estranged his heart, had vanished ; so Ellen was, now, his sole object of contemplation. He became daily more sensible of the mastery that Davenport exercised over him ; it had grown into an odious thralldom—a weight, like Sinbad's old man of the sea, that he struggled in vain to cast off. He was aware that he walked on the brink of destruction, every instant that he lingered there. His only hope—it was a feeble one—was, that he might escape detection, and exist, for the future, unknown, in some remote corner of the world. If he could secure the proceeds of the fraud upon the bank, he would give Davenport the slip, and leave him in the lurch, and let him whistle for his share of the booty !

Such were his waking thoughts ; which, had they been continued, might have led on to remorse and to the sorrow that induces repentance ; but, with the day, or more strictly

speaking, with the night, came the morbid appetite for vice in any form—for vice had now become a habit—the jaded spirits required provoking—and the flagging energies sought restoration in further excitements ; and the languid Adrian drowned his thoughts and his cares in the bowl.

The conscientious Mr. Wiggle, whom we last heard of as denying his associates, had, somehow, contrived to keep his head above water. He might even be supposed to be in a flourishing condition—for, he had enlisted in his service, Davenport's late *fac-totum*, Jacob Sorrowcliff, whom he supposed capable of bringing grist to his mill ; at any rate, of putting him up to the tricks of the trade (if there were any, of which he was ignorant). Under the able tutelage of the illustrious Jacob, Wiggle had come out rather strongly, in what is now pretty well known, and classified under the bill-swindling system ; which, following the Tagg Alley policy, consisted, chiefly, in the

convenience offered by accepting bills at a long date, and giving in exchange, those at a *short* date, and charging a moderate commission for the accommodation. Of course, the "bill-swindlers" took care to accept none but *good* bills; and, those that they gave in exchange, were just worth so much less than nothing, for the stamp remained to be paid for.

Davenport posted an anonymous communication to Wiggle, to meet him one night; he signed it only "A friend,"—for he was not desirous of committing his name or address to writing: from Davenport's knowledge of character, Wiggle was not the man he would trust, but he was the only one who could serve him upon the present occasion. The lawyer appeared at the place and hour of appointment—for he was not one to throw away a chance.

His surprise was great, and he expressed much delight at seeing his old friend. Davenport imparted to him what he required, two

blank forms of powers-of-attorney, and for effecting the sale of Stock, Wiggle was to receive a fee of one thousand pounds. The little Pettifogger rubbed his hands, and appeared all gratitude to Davenport for his liberal offer, and promised to bring the required forms on the next night.

He did so; and Miles met him and received them; and the next night again they were to give *rendezvous*.

Horn had been unusually dispirited that day, for he had no money, not a farthing; Davenport could give him none, and even denied him any more of those *flimsies*, which Horn had now no lack of effrontery in presenting. He declared that he had reason to believe that the authorities had got wind of them, and that enquiries respecting them, were already on foot. Fly they must, and quickly too; the only question was, whether they should fly as paupers, or as capitalists.

Schimmel did not expect them to live there for nothing, so money he must have; he could not even apply to his wife now, even admitting that she had anything to spare, for he must conceal from her his presence in England. They went out that evening, prowling about like beasts of prey; Davenport took care that his companion should be well amused; they spent a convivial night—that is, they ate and drank, and cracked ribald jokes, and they returned home earlier than their wont; Horn elated with his successes, and flushed with deep potations.

Davenport seized the moment as favorable to his design; Adrian had “sheets enough in the wind,” to be ready for anything; the subject was again mooted and discussed; the powers-of-attorney were produced.

“Now then,” said Miles, “in for a penny, in for a pound—affix the signature of “William Hoskyns” here, and the thing is

done. I would write it myself, if I had a copy, but you, from having so often witnessed it, must have it at your fingers' ends—I'll fill up the rest, for I know the exact sum, and all about it."

It was done, and Davenport had pocketed the legal (?) instruments and withdrawn. The very act seemed to have sobered Horn; he shuddered, his teeth chattered, as if with cold, and he crept to bed.

Once more they met, in the same dark spot, Davenport and Wiggle, and the documents were placed in the lawyer's hands, duly executed, as the former said; next day the stock was to be sold.

"Employ the best man!" were Davenport's last whispered words.

They never met again!

A man dogged Davenport's footsteps, cunningly, so that he was not perceived—hiding behind corners, now peering along streets—up and down—through strange places—yet still

he was on the track, like an Indian at the trail, or a blood-hound on the scent! He never lost sight of him, till he saw him enter Schimmel's house, in Whitechapel. It was "Mr. Ex-Secretary Sorrowcliff," set on by his new master!

CHAPTER XI.

DAVENPORT repaired to his room, but not to bed. His mind was too occupied to rest. He packed his clothes, an operation which did not consume much time, for his wardrobe had become greatly circumscribed of late. Then he tore up papers, and wrote others; he paced the room with folded arms; at length, he threw himself on the coverlet of his bed, and slept, but not with peaceful slumbers, for he groaned and rolled about in agitation. Something evi-

dently "sat heavy on his soul," as on King Richard's.

He started to his feet, and consulted his watch. He examined himself in the small glass on the table, and he began his toilet with more than his usual care, for of late it had been sadly neglected.

After that had been more satisfactorily arranged, he stole down-stairs, not unperceived, however, by his host, who like "The Wandering Jew," was not likely to be caught napping, and gave him his morning salutation, as he was passing out.

Most probably the Baron proceeded directly to the vacated bed-room, to discover, if possible, what game was afoot.

Davenport walked hurriedly up the lane at the back, and emerged into another street; he went on much farther; he had muffled his mouth with a handkerchief, for it was convenient for him to find the morning chilly. At last, he entered a stable-yard; it

was a job-master's; he ordered out a fly and pair, and said he was in a hurry.

"First turn out!" was bellowed down the yard, and all was confusion and bustle. The job-master thought it suspicious, and gave private directions to "the boy," not to lose sight of the fare. Quickly all was in readiness, and the vehicle rattled and bounded over the stones.

There was a long drive before him—can you guess where he was going? It was a forlorn hope, but it still was a hope, and she whose words were like brands on his memory, not to be obliterated, had told him never to despair of an end! Once more, he was in quest of Ellen! Such constancy, in others, would be worthy of a better cause; but in him it was the obstinacy of his nature, the rebellion of vice against virtue—arrogance, self-will and pride arrayed against humility, self-abasement and submission.

He journeyed on, and sat composedly ar-

ranging his ideas, and yet, wild thoughts were rushing through his brain. Few men, upon such slender grounds of success, would have volunteered such an enterprise, and yet, they were the very pre-disposing causes of his action. It is almost impossible to conjecture on what he founded any hopes of ultimate victory. He relied chiefly for favor in Ellen's eyes, from the light in which he expected she must view his conduct upon the late occurrence. She must contrast his constancy with her husband's proved infidelity, and the apparent desire he had manifested to save her the bitterness of beholding it. She had listened to him, he had even won a smile from her, surely, she must be satisfied that his friendship had been sufficiently tested, and she must in the end abandon her husband, as an irreclaimable subject. If she held such opinions, his suit was gained, if not, he might deceive her with the notion that her husband had preceded them to a distant clime, and that he was appointed the faithful guardian

to conduct her thither, or, separating her from her child, he might exercise dominion over her, the price of her submission being the restoration of her daughter. Failing all this, he calculated upon the companionship of Mrs. Massingham, whom he believed would require no entreaty, but on the contrary, would esteem it a privilege to follow his fortunes. For it must be borne in mind that he had not seen Mrs. Massingham since her return, and he was in ignorance of the *éclaircissement* which had taken place between her and Mrs. Horn, and that upon this point Adrian had offered no enlightenment.

He trusted that he had taken leave of Horn for ever ; unknown to him, Davenport had engaged the "Leveret" to carry him over to Ham-
burgh, at which port he purposed embarking on board an emigrant ship, which he had seen advertised to sail for New York. He had said once that he could not fly alone, an expression which he applied, at that time, in its sentiment-

tal intention, and he trusted would be verified and so with Ellen, the *ne plus ultra* of his hopes, or with Mrs. Massingham, he hoped that very evening, having previously settled accounts with Wiggle, to be on the high seas, his pockets filled with the entire produce of the forgery, free from pursuit, and the world all before him, while Horn, who was the actual forger, must remain and bear the brunt, or get out of it, as best he might.

Vain man—he called this ambition! and he prided himself that his ideas took so bold a flight!

The distance appeared longer than ever, he was impatient of delay. At length, Sandford was gained, and Davenport had alighted. The empty fly proceeded to fulfil the remainder of its destiny, for he had bribed the driver, with a guinea, to do his bidding.

By dint of enquiry and whip-cord, the fly achieved its course, for the road to Dumpton was a devious one; deep and sandy lanes, which

had seldom been acquainted with the wheels of bettermost sort of vehicles, but the driver, in course of time, pulled up opposite the Farm. He rang, and the little maid appeared. He begged to see Mrs. Horn immediately, on business of great importance.

Mrs. Horn was walking somewhere in the shrubbery; the little maid ran to seek her, and before very long returned with the object of her search, leading Miss Nelly by the hand. Ellen advanced hurriedly, this sudden message had alarmed her, she could scarcely breathe, she had an anticipation of some new calamity.

“What is it?” she almost whispered.

The fly-man touched his hat, and held out a card in answer, which she seized. It was her husband's. “MR. HORN” was inscribed in the centre, and rapidly as electric shocks,

“The days of other years came rushing o’er her,”

as she beheld that name, and remembered how

timidly they went forth to select the card-plate, and longed for the day when they might be authorised to use it. There was written in pencil all over it, imitating as closely as possible Adrian's style, but in reality the handiwork of Davenport,

“Dearest Ellen,—I am returned at last, but grievously ill. Pray come and see me. The bearer of this will conduct you, and that there may be no mistake this time, I write this upon my own card.

“Your ADRIAN H.”

Ellen read it greedily, and read it again,—she thought for one second—then exclaimed she would be ready directly. She entered the house, but re-appeared almost immediately with her little girl ready equipped for the journey, whom she was about to place in the fly, when the driver objected. He had received orders

to say that the lady was to come alone, that there was no accommodation for a *hin*fant.

“He said so, did he?” said Mrs. Horn, “then there must be some reason for it. Dearest child, we must be parted for the first time, grant that it may be the last. It shall not be for long. I cannot live away from you, my darling Nelly. Mama shall come back very soon.” She smothered her with kisses, and handing her over to the tender care of Susan, who stood by, she dashed into the carriage, fearful that her courage might fail, and covering her eyes with her hands, not daring to look back at the little creature, who stood with outstretched arms crying after her, she was driven away.

Rapidly she was carried away, fast as the aded steeds could go,—flogging up ascents, now diving down into hollows, flinging up the mud, now ploughing through the sand. They emerged at length on the high beaten road, and drove past the village; they had advanced but

little beyond Sandford, when the fly suddenly stopped.—Davenport appeared at the window.

“I remained here to escort you back to town. I feared lest you should think I wished to compromise you, if I proceeded again to the farm, so I preferred awaiting you here!”

So saying, without heeding a reply, he opened the door and jumped in. The fly was speedily again in motion.

“Is my husband very ill?” were her first words, taking no notice of the intrusion, although she breathed indignantly, and felt it unaccountable.

“Not at all! it is only a *ruse* of his, that you and I might meet to talk over plans. Are you prepared to follow his fortunes?”

“Of course I am. He is my husband!” she replied with as much coolness as she could command, trying to appear as undisturbed as possible.

“But his fortunes are wedded to another’s, unluckily.”

“I must hear that from his own lips before

"I believe it," replied Ellen, with rising warmth.

"How long will you be deceived? How long will you wilfully blind yourself to the truth? Did not your own eyes witness his infidelity? was not I the one to tell you? and yet how I strove to spare you the sight; I have now, alas! worse tidings in store for you. He has fled to America, and she has borne him company."

"Indeed? when did they take flight?"

"The day before yesterday!" replied Miles without hesitation.

"'Tis strange! for I received a letter from her this morning," observed Mrs. Horn, with peculiar expression.

"You?—from her—from Mrs. Massingham?"

"Even so; she has told me *all*—all your baseness, your double-dealing—her indignities.—Your villanies are unmasked, you are proved to be the character you were ever represented to me, as devoid of heart as principle, you will never deceive us again! And now I have done

with you for ever; we part, I trust, never to meet again. Stop the carriage and let me alight! this is an aggravation of all you have ever done, a most gross and cowardly insult."

Davenport was struck dumb for the moment. The communication between her and Mrs Massingham had outwitted him—it came so suddenly, he could not comprehend it.

"Nay, but hear me for one instant," said Miles, laying his hand upon the window, for Ellen made an effort as if to rise, "I cry your patience, *gentle* lady, condemn me not unheard. Whatever my faults, and many they be; whatever my vices, (I admit them all); whatever my motives; whatever my pursuits, you are at the bottom of them all! If I sink to perdition, it is you that have destroyed me; if for wretchedness' sake I lay violent hands upon myself, it is you that will pull the trigger. All this you might have averted. Here I sit by your side, perhaps, for the last time—you say you hope it will be so—have you no compunctions—no visitings of conscience—no

forgiveness—no compassion for one whose worst fault has been to idolize you, as man never worshipped, and to love you to the last with undying ardour? I have sacrificed much for you, I would venture all. What would *he* do? Oh! tell me that there is a ray of hope, that years might induce you to look favourably upon me, that if chance set you free again, I might receive in the end, at your hands, the prize of my enduring devotion!"

"Mr. Davenport! once for all, I tell you that you are past hope—past redemption. No man on the face of the earth is so hateful—so loathsome to me. Were death or association with you my alternative, I should gladly select the former. If anything could make you more despicable in my eyes, than you were before it is the additional insult you have heaped upon me to-day. Go ask her, whom you have betrayed—whom you have lured with false hopes—if she can look more favorably upon you;

humble yourself to her ; but she is pure and amiable, as you are vile and detested ! Open the door and let me out, or I call for assistance !”

“ Pause again, sweet creature ; if you act thus, you will never behold your husband.”

“ Let me out, I say ; I despise your threats.”

“ Indeed ! but you are in my power ; tho’ I will not exert it, if you restrain your feelings. Abuse of me, is scarcely the way to gain your advantage ; can I not, with my strength, and your feebleness, easily keep you my prisoner ? and why should I not drive on and detain you in some place, where the light of liberty shall no more shine upon you ? and then you shall pine and pine until you purchase my forgiveness. Are such things impossible ? Have you done aught to merit my forbearance ? I have a vessel at hand, ready to sail. I could stow you there snugly ; you should be my sea-bride,

willing or not ; or I might carry you to distant climes ; your child ? Ah ! you tremble now ! it rests with me, or rather with yourself, whether you ever set eyes on her again ! Dearest Ellen ! my beloved, behold not in me the monster, but one maddened by your love.”

“ Wretch ! I will scream for help.”

“ There is none to hear you.”

Ellen dashed her hand through the glass and shrieked ! There was some one near—a man was walking along the road—a stout one too—he heard the cry, and saw the signals of distress, and as the carriage was whirling past him—quick as thought, he caught hold of the spring behind—a woman’s cry was not likely to escape him—he sprung upon the foot-board—his foot was then upon the spring, and he wormed himself upon the roof ; he was a sailor, and his head and hands were steady—one who had held on the yards in a top-sail breeze was not to be dismayed in such an enterprise. To

scramble across the roof, clutch hold of the driver, and knock him off the box, was the work of a minute. The horses started off, feeling the loosened hold; but the stranger, luckily, was able, by diving down, to seize the reins before they fell from the horses' backs, and they required but little persuasion to moderate their speed and stop. The sailor having brought to, quitted the helm and went below, he let go the anchor, by which must be understood, he unhooked the drag, and then he opened the door. He saw at a glimpse how matters stood. A civil war in the dis United States.

“Do you wish to get out, madam, or do you wish him to get out, because either are easy?” said the sailor, quietly, respectfully, but firmly.

“You impertinent blackguard, how dare you interfere? be off about your business. Take that for your trouble!” and Davenport

struck at him with all his force, a straight-handed blow, that would have obfuscated the sight from those open honest eyes for some time to come. But Jack was as sharp as he, and his arm was up in time to receive the shock.

“Now, my hearty, I’m your man—I see what you are—I must board the pirate!”

And, quick as the words he uttered, he bounded into the fly, and threw himself on his assailant. He seized him by the neckcloth, almost to strangulation, he administered two or three very ugly blows on Davenport’s head—and kneeling upon him, laid hold of his hands. Davenport, from his position, was almost powerless. Whilst they were struggling Ellen jumped out.

It was a fierce encounter between those two men—both being possessed of great power; but, in a close fight, such as that must necessarily be, the short-armed, thick-set sailor, had

all the advantage over his lengthy opponent. Davenport perceived this—he was no coward—and, seizing an opportunity, hurled his antagonist back—pushed the door open and sprang out; and being, now, on a fair stage, felt that he was a match for any one.

It can scarcely be necessary to state who the avenger was, that had so opportunely appeared—it was Richard Horn *redivivus*! “Hell-fire Dick” turned up at the right moment; no sooner did he behold Davenport erect, and with head uncovered—for his hat had fallen off—than he exclaimed, in all wonderment imaginable:

“By all that’s blue, it’s Mr. Thompson! No more nor less, than that crimping vagabond, who swindled me and all the poor emigrants out of their money at Birmingham! I am glad, indeed, to fall in with you—you long-legged land pirate. You and I have an old score to wipe off. I will not lose sight of you, my fine fellow, till I hand you over to the

constable, and see you snugly laid in bilboes!"

Ellen had fainted; Richard rushed towards her to save her from falling—the flyman by this time, had recovered his senses, as well as his legs, and was running towards them; at a rapid signal from Davenport's hand, he gathered up the reins—sprang to his seat—Miles jumped upon the steps, and off dashed the fly—he, all the time, waving his hand in token of defiance, and bestowing upon them a look, such as fiends alone could be capable of!

On he went in his wild career; the terror-stricken driver seemed as intent on flight as he, often looking back, as though he expected to see another Horn clambering over his vehicle. He lashed his horses and they were flaked with foam. The consequence was, that before they reached London, they came to a dead stop and could go no further. Davenport jumped out and swore at the man and his beasts—which,

however, had done him such good service ; he discharged him and paid what he had promised ungrudgingly—for he expected before many hours, to be in possession of some thousands of pounds. He engaged a hack cab, luckily passing on its return, and gave orders to be driven to St. John's Wood.

In a feverish state of excitement—bordering on madness, he pushed against the well-known gate. It was fastened. He rang the bell. It was answered, after what appeared to him, an hour's delay. The servant had received positive orders to admit nobody.

"She shall see me, however!" declared Davenport, forcing his way through. He ran to the house, entered, and there found Mrs. Massingham, who had been lying on the sofa. At the noise which he occasioned, she started and rose.

"How is this?" was all she said. She drew herself up and crossed her arms upon her chest.

She looked like a Juno arrayed in all her dignity !

“ And the deep passions flashing through her form,
Made her a beautiful, embodied storm.

* * * * *

A storm it raged, and like the storm it pass'd,
Pass'd without winds—in fact, she could not speak”

There she stood ; every drop of blood had deserted and left the face like marble—and the parted lips were death-like in hue. But the heaving bosom told of fires that burned below. There was a pause between them ; for the intruder was awed into silence at her aspect.

All at once the flood-gates of his rage burst open ; he saw that his dominion with her was passed, and soft words would be of as much avail as flinging follies to the air. All hopes of her were at an end ; and, therefore, why should he control his wrath ? He abused her—he called her names—he reviled her—he accused her of

having betrayed him; but she had brought the punishment on herself—for now, he could have stood before her free to substantiate every vow that he had ever made !

How her eyes flashed at those words, and all the colour came rushing back and crimsoned her face ! Her voice at last found utterance, but not in its usual gentle tones, and it increased in force as it proceeded, like a stream, small at first, but gathering strength till it becomes a mighty torrent, dashing on impetuously and defying restraint !

A violent altercation ensued—recrimination on recrimination—Davenport waxed warmer still—his rage was violent and ungovernable—he (shame upon the man it must be told), he struck her, she fell and swooned away.

He was off again, hurrying to the City, to keep his appointment with Wiggle. A special spot had been selected, where, it was hoped, in security they might meet, and arrange the pro-

ceeds of the sale. Wiggle was not there,—the place was deserted and no one was visible,—Davenport bit his lip, and nervously twitched forth his watch; he was true to his time, dread suspicions crossed his mind—he started, a man was by his side—Miles Davenport was his prisoner! An assistant was close by, armed with a knobbed stick in case of need, another minion of the sheriff's, by whose precept he was arrested, but Davenport offered no opposition, he only requested not to be led through the streets, but to be conveyed in a coach, which being assented to, he was soon deposited on the debtor's side of The Fleet!

There was a vacant cell adjoining his, which was destined to be occupied that night by a friend. Adrian Horn had been selected as the tenant. His capture had been effected by the boy Absalom, who had been sent to watch Schimmel's house; he caught sight of his former master looking out of a window, and being

delighted to pay off the grudge he owed him, he gave information to the officers, and by a little stratagem the trembling culprit was bagged and carried off to gaol!

CHAPTER XII.

How came it about that Richard Horn happened to be upon the road just in time to rescue his sister-in-law from the clutches of her tormentor? Some explanation is due upon this point. So little has been heard of him of late, that we must remind our readers that he was lost sight of when about to enter upon his duties as mate of the "Saucy Jack."

It appeared that his usual luck of encountering disasters still clung to him, but fortune seemed

always ready to step in at the nick and extricate him. Although he has been little noticed here, opportunities of eliciting his good qualities and of proving his seamanship had occurred, and his praises had even appeared in print.— We will extract them from the journal in which they appeared:

“ The brig *Saucy Jack*, Captain Smith, belonging to Messrs. Kenworthy and Chipps, of Rotherhithe, from Jamaica, with a cargo of sugar, was overtaken on her passage home by a fresh gale from the westward, which when nearing the south coast of Ireland increased to a hard gale, with a heavy following sea. Soon after daylight, when the morning watch came on deck, a heavy sea struck her stern, broke over all, knocking down the man at the helm, and tearing the rudder from the stern-post. The brig instantly broached to, when the foremast went over the side, carrying the main-top-mast with it. Amidst the war of the

elements and the vessel rolling and pitching heavily, the mate, Mr. Bunker, was lowered over the stern to ascertain the amount of damage. Under his directions they instantly set to work to rig a jury rudder. In the course of the forenoon, the main-mast went by the board. During that night and the next the violence of the gale continued unabated, but the morning after the weather moderated, and they were enabled to get up spare top-gallant-masts as jury-masts. Shortly afterwards a French vessel having been descried, they hoisted their colours, union down, when the stranger instantly hove to and sent his boat, alongside of which the whole crew directly took possession and went on board the Frenchman, with the exception of the captain, mate, and one seaman, who refused to leave her, stating that they would remain with the brig and try to save her. These daring fellows immediately proceeded to throw overboard a large quantity of cargo to lighten the vessel; but despite their unceasing

efforts the water gained steadily upon them, and they had scarcely power to work the pumps. Notwithstanding, however, the appalling obstacles, by dint of unwearied labor, perseverance, and skill, the brig was brought in safety by her gallant little crew into Falmouth harbour. Her preservation may be chiefly attributed to the exertions of her mate, Mr. Bunker, a most skilful and intrepid seaman. Such conduct should not pass unrewarded."

The eulogium was not undeserved, and no persons appreciated his conduct more than those in whose service he had labored—namely, the owners. After undergoing thorough repairs at Falmouth, the brig was brought round to the river, and snugly docked in her old place. Kenworthy and Chipps had lain down the keel of a large schooner, which was to be built with all possible despatch, and intended for the China trade; to mark their approbation of their mate's conduct, the command of the new craft was

offered to him. There was promotion for him! He would be Captain Horn now, the alias should be dropped, and he would resume the patronymic which he had not disgraced! He almost wept for joy; to have the command of a ship was the height of his ambition! He was on his way to communicate the glad tidings to his friends at Dumpton, when he so happily hove in sight of the fly with the signals of distress flying as he described it.

As soon as Ellen had revived, and he had set her on her feet again, his first impulse was to pursue the fly, hoping to be able to track its course, and hand over his enemy, Mr. Thompson, to justice.

Ellen, whose nerves had been so sorely tried, yet felt all confidence in her protector, and begged him not to leave her—at all events, to escort her as far as the village.

“Certainly, madam, certainly—anywhere *you* please: besides, it is all in my way. I am only vexed that scoundrel has slipped

through my fingers," replied Dick, somewhat nervous at having to take a lady in tow.

"What, you know him, then—that man Davenport?" asked Ellen, with great curiosity.

"Indeed I do, to my cost; but when I knew him, he called himself Thompson!"

And then he detailed the particulars of his acquaintance with him, and the misery he caused to his brother emigrants, which greatly interested Ellen.

"May I make bold to ask, madam, whither you are bound?" enquired Richard, after a pause.

"To a farm over the hills, beyond Sandford—Dumpton it is called," answered Ellen, without hesitation.

"Not Farmer Winton's?" said Horn, stopping short.

"The same!"

"Why, that's my destination! Have you

lived there long?" asked he, looking anxiously at her.

"No, not long; I lived before, down there. You can just see the tops of the chimneys."

"Then you and I have met before! You are Mrs. Horn."

His voice faltered and he looked quite agitated; he removed his hat and passed his hand across his brow.

"I am!" She turned and gazed upon him with great surprise. "Can it be? forgive me if I am wrong—are you the person I once saw looking through the iron-gates of 'The Retreat?'"

It is due to Richard Horn to state, that he had much improved in appearance since the time that he proved an object of terror to Ellen and her poor mother. He had lost that hang-dog, outcast look that he wore when first he returned to Sandford; he was well clothed now and in high spirits. But this meeting, under such strange circumstances, took him quite

aback, and reversed the current of his thoughts.

“Yes, the same—I am that person, unfortunately, madam. And do you no longer live at ‘The Retreat?’”

“Alas, no,” replied Ellen.

“Your husband—where is he? Pardon my asking these questions—I was brought up here, almost, and take an interest in these matters.”

“He is away just now—absent—abroad,” replied Ellen, with a quivering lip, and coloring deeply as she spoke.

The stranger listened to every word she uttered, and watched her countenance, as he asked,

“Your husband had a brother—do you know what became of him?”

“He ran away from home, sir, and is supposed to have perished at sea.”

There was a pause.

“I would gladly learn more of Ad— of your

husband," again commenced Richard, "if I may ask a favor in return for the slight service which I was lucky enough to be able to render to you—and it is not idle curiosity that prompts me to enquire—is he well? why is he absent in a foreign country? when will he return?"

"If you must know, sir, and you appear to take an interest in our affairs, we have been unfortunate—he has failed in business, and cannot return. We were so happy there," said she, with swimming eyes, pointing to "The Retreat," the lawn and shrubberies of which were just opening to their view, "until he was induced to enter upon some speculations, and since that we have had a succession of misfortunes, for the most of which, I believe, we have to thank that false-hearted wretch, from whose hands you have preserved me. Lately my mother died; and now I am not aware that I possess a relation in the world, nor has my husband one, I believe."

“Yes, one.”

“Who?”

“His brother!”

“Does he live? Do you know him? How I should like to see a brother of Adrian! Where is he?”

“He whom you saw at the iron-gates—who rescued you just now—and at the present moment walks at your side, he is your husband’s brother—I am Richard Horn!”

It may easily be surmised that Ellen’s wonder was great. She welcomed him with most hearty delight. What an adventure to have picked up a brother on the road! He seemed a natural protector, and an adviser, sent providentially; she stood much in need now of both; and she said she was sure her husband’s joy would be unbounded to have recovered a brother, whom all believed to be lost.

Richard shook his head; he appeared not as

overjoyed as she was ; and, to say the truth, he felt sorry that his secret had oozed out thus unwarily.

All fraternal feelings in his brother's heart were evidently extinguished, for he had never mentioned his name or their last meeting to Ellen, which convinced him that Adrian was ashamed to acknowledge him ; he felt insensibly attracted to the delicate and interesting creature whom he had protected, and whom he would still preserve to the last drop of blood in his veins, and who had so unreservedly and warmly welcomed him as a brother ; yet by their accidental meeting that day, he might have incurred Adrian's displeasure ; and if he were to find him the companion of his wife, insult or obloquy might ensue. Still if his brother were in distress, he would be the first to assist him.

Such thoughts saddened and silenced him for a while ; he listened with deep attention to Ellen, who gave him some insight into her

husband's former life. At length, their walk was at an end; Richard held open the wicket of the garden—the door was gained—how the seaman's heart throbbed with impatience to behold again his kindest friends! They entered, and there was a shriek of joy, at Richard's appearance, and that Ellen had returned. Nelly rushed to her mother, who caught her up in her arms, and Richard was surrounded by his admirers.

The jolly old farmer was there.

"Bunker, my hearty," said he, "I'm right glad to see you. Why, you've turned out quite spruce; you've got a spice of quarter deck about you, as tho' you'd deserted the fo'castle."

"So I have, Master Winton, I'm no longer afore the mast—I'm promoted—I'm captain now!" said Dick, blushing to the tips of his fingers, at the bare mention of the almost supernatural honor that he had achieved.

"Capting! wheugh!" exclaimed Winton,

with a whistle. "My service to you," and he bowed his head. "I'll tell you what, mess-mates," as he turned to the females, "we'll have a jorum of punch to-night, as stiff as the smartest sow-wester as ever blowed, and which shall give you racking head-pains for the next quarter to come!"

"Oh! Mrs. Winton," said Ellen, having satisfactorily caressed her child, "I have so much to tell you; behold my preserver and my brother!"

Betsy stared, as may be imagined, with a good deal of astonishment, but experienced at the same time a vast deal of pleasure. She was perfectly at a loss to understand how it had come about; but the result was the attainment of one of her fondest desires, that her favorite, Richard, should become recognised and appreciated, and especially that he should be known by his sister-in-law. When they retired, Ellen related all her adventures; and then Mrs. Winton told everything about Dick

Horn, for now, "as the cat was out of the bag," as she termed it, there was no longer any secret to keep. She sang her foster-son's praises loud and long, and when she ended, she had succeeded in placing him in a very elevated position in Ellen's estimation.

"Farmer," said Dick, as they sat together that night; "moistening their clay," the "mess-mates" having retired, after a slight participation of the contents of the spiced bowl of which he had promised such agreeable results. "I've behaved uncommon ill to you!"

"Have you, indeed, my lad? More's the pity, so make a clean breast of it; but, as yet, I am a blessed babe in ignorance, as to that!"

"I've deceived you, farmer! But, I know you'll forgive me, when you know all the circumstances. I'm no more Bill Bunker, than you are Ben Bowline!"

"Ain't you, indeed? Then, what the diggory are ye?"

"Why, my name is Richard Horn. I'm

your wife's foster-child—so you are half my father, you know, Master Winton!"

"Sew me up in a hammock, and launch me overboard, if I didn't always think that you were of a superior breed! I saw, at once, that the cut of your jib was above the ordinary! I'm not so easily deceived!" said the farmer, looking amazingly sharp—but, evidently, quite annoyed that he had not made the discovery himself. Then came the explanations, which Richard gave at full length. Old Winton was thoroughly satisfied. His feelings carried him away to that extent, that he jumped up to grasp Richard's hand with a hearty squeeze, while he exclaimed, "Bunker or Horn, d——me, you're a fine fellow; and, all I can say is, that, if your brother don't come down on his marry-bones, he aint fit to be loblolly-boy to a horse-marine!"

CHAPTER XIII.

RICHARD Horn was off early next morning, as he had to walk eight miles to meet the London coach—but he had promised to return to the Farm in the evening. He was anxious to superintend the progress of his new schooner,—which, he hoped, would prove as smart a craft as ever floated—so that his destination was the ship-builder's yard.

But, first of all, he made his way to Bow Street, to give information respecting his swindling

acquaintance, Mr. Thompson, otherwise known as Miles Davenport, late of Tagg's Alley. He had received his direction from Mrs. Horn. Some of the officers about the court, happened to know that the individual in question, was already arrested by the Sheriff's officers, and lodged in the Fleet, as they had been requested to look after him; and that, if the applicant had any charges to make against him, he should lodge a detainer at the prison.

That was so far satisfactory, then he had an interview with Kenworthy and Chipps; and, having passed as much time as he could spare in watching every nail that was driven into his infant vessel, he repaired to Messrs. Tannard's counting-house—where he arrived just before closing hours, and drew out the whole amount of his account in their hands—and, having enquired after Mr. Brown, he was told that that gentleman was quite well, and was

expected in town on that very day. Then he made all sail for the Cross Keys, and was just in time for the "Chatham Express"—on the top of which he mounted, and was carried to the nearest point on the line—where he was dropped—and then made his way across to Dumpton, where he arrived in the course of the evening.

Ellen was all impatience for his return ; he told her in a breath, on first seeing her, that it was all right about Thompson, that he was snugly stowed in the Fleet prison, but Ellen's anxiety was to know if he had picked up any tidings of her husband, she had become greatly alarmed about his welfare, but on that subject Richard, of course, could give her no information. He seized an opportunity when he thought he should not be overheard, of placing his pocket-book with the bank-notes in her hands.

"Sister," he began (for she had requested

him no longer to address her as Mrs. Horn), "it's early to beg a favor, and yet, perhaps, I have as good a right to ask one as anybody—here's a little money that I can't get rid of, you won't be angry if I ask you to take it off my hands."

Ellen thanked him with all her power,—but she could not take his money.

"Keep it then for Adrian, poor Adrian, it may be useful to him, I do not know what to do with it. You will not refuse me, I hope?"

Ellen requested him to retain possession of the pocket-book, until they knew that Adrian stood in need of it, and then he would have the satisfaction of presenting it himself.

No, that would not suit Richard. It must be hers at once, to do what she liked with. It seemed quite a case of hardship, that no one would assist in getting rid of this money for him.—Would she not consent to borrow it, anything, in fact, that he might lose sight of it; and then throwing it into her lap, he ran out of the room.

Next morning Ellen received two letters, their contents were of sufficient importance to warrant their introduction here. One was a most impudent composition, the work of the miscreant Davenport, it ran thus :

“ Dearest Ellen, in consequence of the numerous proofs of affection bestowed upon me of late, it has been my constant purpose to keep you informed as much as possible as to all that is passing around us, likely to interest you. I trust, therefore, that I am foremost in conveying to you the doubtless satisfactory intelligence that your beloved and enlightened husband is incarcerated here, and that he is in permanent occupation of a cell adjoining my own. As I trust I have been instrumental in obtaining this privilege for him, in consequence of the line of conduct you have thought fit to observe towards me, should you deem him worthy of a visit, I hope you

will not forget to honor with a call, his neighbour in 'durance vile.'

"Your still devoted admirer,

"MILES DAVENPORT.

"Fleet Prison."

The other letter was from Mr. Hoskyns, and was to the following effect :

"My dear Madam,

"I beg to enclose, for your perusal, an advertisement which I have cut out of the 'Times' newspaper. It has reference to one Richard Horn, whom I believe to have been a brother of your husband. As neither of you, I presume, are competent to give any information respecting the person in question, I should, nevertheless, take leave to advise that you present yourself to the advertiser, who if he entertain any benevolent intentions, may, in consequence of your close affinity, possibly extend them to you.

“My house is ever open to you as a home, whenever you feel disposed to avail yourself of it. My dear Madam,

“Your faithful friend,

“WILLIAM HOSKYNES.”

The enclosed advertisement was thus worded:

“If this should meet the eye of Richard Horn, son of John Horn, merchant, and of Margaret his wife, who left his home at an early age, and has never since been heard of, he is requested to call on or communicate with Messrs. Tannard’s, Bishopgate-street, where he is likely to hear of something to his advantage. Or in case of his death, any person producing evidence of the same, shall be liberally rewarded for his trouble on application as above.”

The first note excited Ellen’s indignation to its fullest extent, she tore it into a thousand pieces, and cast them upon the ground; but

the intelligence it conveyed was of the direst import. Adrian was the inmate of a gaol. The idea was revolting to her, he should not remain there one hour longer if she could possibly prevent it. His debts should be paid, and as she had control over her funded property, a right which Mr. Hoskyns admitted, and yet of which he had virtually denied her the exercise ; she would compel him to yield or at once to resign his trust. The insulting note which she had received from Davenport probably had the beneficial effect of preventing her being entirely engrossed by grief at the fate that had befallen her husband.

As soon as Richard appeared, she repeated to him the contents of both notes, and showed him the advertisement, which naturally aroused his curiosity to the utmost, but from the address, he made a shrewd guess that the case stood as he had suspected the possibility.

Ellen proposed that they should instantly start for town—Dick Horn was entirely of the

same opinion. Farmer Winton placed his best nag at their disposal, which should be harnessed to his gig in a twinkling, to carry them to Gravesend, where they would find other conveyance. This offer being thankfully accepted, the gig with Dobbin was speedily at the door, they took their seats, and Richard having hold of the "tiller-ropes," they started off with more speed than security.

However, they effected their journey with facility and despatch; and arrived in London, they lost no time in appearing before the great gates of "The Fleet," and in making known their petition to have an interview with the prisoner, Adrian Horn. They were admitted without difficulty; Richard decided upon waiting outside, as a meeting under such circumstances would be painful to both, and might convey an impression that there was something of triumph mixed up in the visit.

So Ellen proceeded alone to the cell in which her husband lay, and bitter and sad were the

reflections of the young wife as she followed the uncouth turnkey, with his bunch of keys jingling at his waist, through the interminable stone passages, to visit her husband—no longer free as she was, but kept under lock and key, and confined in a den, like a wild beast!

After several iron doors had been opened and locked again after them, her conductor stopped at a cell-door, and opened it. There was the object of her search, sitting in an attitude of profound sorrow or despair. His head was bowed down, and his hands, clasped together, rested on his knees.

He did not raise his head as the door was thrown open, nor did he look up until Ellen called him by his name.

“Adrian, my beloved!” she exclaimed, as she flung herself upon his breast, and threw her arms round his neck. “How painful for us thus to meet; and yet, I am overjoyed at finding you again!”

“Yes, Ellen, very painful!—it’s very kind of

you to come and see a poor, wretched creature like I am. How did you hear that I was arrested?" and he burst into tears.

"Nay, dearest, keep up your spirits, it shall not be for long that you are here. Davenport wrote and informed me," replied Ellen.

"Davenport!" he exclaimed, setting his teeth and looking quite wild. "That man has been the ruin of me!"

"Never mind, Adrian, we shall be all the wiser for the future, and when your debts are paid, you need have nothing more to do with him. Our money in the funds will be sufficient, I am convinced, for all purposes, and I am resolved to sell it out, and extricate you forthwith."

Horn changed color, and shivered as if with cold.

"Besides, I have other news for you, which I trust will prove good news."

Here she handed him Mr. Hoskyns' note and enclosure to peruse.

"This may prove good news for my brother,

but I don't see how it can affect me," observed Adrian, after he had read it.

"Did you know that your brother was alive?"

"Yes—that is, I thought so."

"Would you not like to see him?"

"No; I wish to see none here, but you, until I get a better drawing-room to receive my friends."

"Can that be had for money?"

"Yes! Have you any money, Ellen? there are many indulgences I could purchase, if I had but the money."

She produced Richard's pocket-book. His eyes quite brightened at the sight of the notes, and then she told him all the particulars of her meeting with his brother, and how nobly he had behaved in every respect. She begged he would see him for a moment. No, he would not consent to that. He could not bear that Richard should behold him in such a position.

He asked a good many questions—what did people say? Was there any news—what were they talking about? Did Hoskyns know of his imprisonment? What was said of Davenport? In fact, the question he wished to ask, but dared not, was whether the forgery had been discovered. The simplicity of her answers, however, re-assured him.

At one moment he appeared in high spirits, and laughed, and then there was a violent reaction, and paroxysms of grief ensued; then he trembled with alarm, and cried, and declared that he was the most miserable of men, and cursed his fate, and clenched his fist in desperation.

Ellen feared that his mind would give way; she strove to soothe him by all she could say.

“Oh! bribe them to let me out of this hateful place, Ellen; I will never trouble them again!” he cried, in his agony, as she was about to depart.

“No, that is hopeless; but the safest and

the only remedy is for me to satisfy your creditors. Depend upon it, I will not rest till that is done, I will move Heaven and earth to extricate you !" said Ellen, and promising to visit him next day, and enjoining him not to give way to despair, but to sustain his courage, the wife passed out of the cell, dreadfully agitated at the scene she had witnessed.

She rejoined Richard, who was anxiously expecting her ; she made the best excuses she could for her husband's inability to see him, and then they proceeded to Bishopsgate Street, and entered Messrs. Tannard's counting-house.

" Sir !" exclaimed Richard, elevating his voice, and addressing himself to the old gentleman, " with spectacl'd nose," who was busy at his desk at the further end of the office.

Mr. Tannard, senior, good-naturedly rose and came forward.

" You recollect me, sir ?" said Richard, removing his hat.

“I have some recollection of you, my friend, you declined giving me your real name, if I remember correctly,” replied the merchant, smiling.

“Just so, sir! but I said if you advertised for me, I should turn up. Now I have turned up in answer to this scrap of paper,” continued Horn, producing the advertisement, which Mr. Tannard received, and glanced at.

“Well, and what can you tell us about it?”

“Why, I can tell you all about it, seeing that I am the person in question—I am Richard Horn!”

“Oh! you declare yourself to be Richard Horn now, do you? and why did you conceal that from us before?”

“I had my reasons—family reasons—which no longer exist; and if I mistake not, this Mr. Brown is my godfather—and I was christened Richard after him!”

“ Well, but what proofs can you bring of this, what have you to show ?”

“ I have nothing to show but myself, which, I take it, is the best document you could receive.”

“ And who is this lady ?” inquired old Tannard, directing his glances upon Mrs. Horn.

“ That lady, sir, is my brother Adrian’s wife.”

Ellen explained that she had received the advertisement only that morning in a letter from Mr. Hoskyns.

“ What Mr. Hoskyns is that ?” asked the inquisitive man of business.

“ Mr. William Hoskyns, late of Lombard Street.”

That name, so respected in the city, appeared to make an impression on Mr. Tannard, for he immediately said, that the best plan would be for them to go at once and see Mr. Brown, which proposal, of course, was gladly accepted, and the worthy merchant wrote a

note of introduction for them, and directed it to where he was staying.

Away they went again, with hearts beating high.

“Remember,” observed Richard, “if any advantage comes of this, that it will be entirely for your profit, for I never should have heard of the advertisement, if it had not been for you.”

Ellen indulged largely in expectations.

“Who knows,” said she, “if he is very rich, but what he may immediately purchase poor Adrian’s release. This very day he may be restored to us?”

They had arrived—it was an hotel—Mr. Brown was there—but he was too ill to see anybody.

“Please to take up this note, and we will wait here,” said Dick to the porter.

They were admitted immediately ; there was Mr. Brown, in his dressing-gown, seated in an arm-chair. He received them very kindly ; and Ellen was delighted with his benevolent countenance.

There were no suspicions—no mistrust on his part, he shook hands warmly with the sailor, whom he at once recognised. Particulars were then enquired into ; histories detailed, both parties had much to learn ; there was indeed no mistake about the matter ; he at once acknowledged Bunker his preserver—Dabbs, the boy, on board the Goggoshee Boppagee, and Richard Horn, his god-child, to be one, and the same person !

It appeared that all the inquiries that he had instituted had proved ineffectual, and he had resorted to advertising as a last resource. It appeared that Mr. Brown had been in England but a very short time previous to his embarkation in the Goggoshee-Boppagee, that his affairs had detained him chiefly in the manufacturing districts, and that during the period of his sojourn in London, he only once met Mr. Horn, senior, in the city by accident. That he had heard nothing of Richard's flight from home, for the best of reasons, it had not then

occurred, otherwise his suspicions might have been aroused by his awkward performances as caddy-boy. That he noticed him, because he fancied him the victim of circumstances, and that his appearance and address were superior to his office then; he had also evidently been unaccustomed to the sea.

Mr. Brown admitted that his conscience often smote him for having taken no notice of his god-child, and he resolved, when he returned to England, that he would institute enquiries concerning him.

It was a strange fate that they should meet again so mysteriously, in the midst of the Atlantic, and that the boy, then become a man, but whom he did not recognize, should save his life, at the peril of his own! He had resolved to keep his eye on that Bunker; there was something about him that attracted him wonderfully, and yet that young man appeared to show an aversion to be noticed.

Mr. Brown enquired everything about his

brother, of whose existence he seemed scarcely to have been aware, which afforded Richard an opportunity of imparting to him the misfortunes that had befallen him, while poor Ellen, the while was,

“ Like Niobe, all tears.”

The kind-hearted old man listened attentively.

“ What is the extent of his liabilities?” he asked.

Ellen replied that she had not the remotest idea of what he owed.

“ Well,” said he, “ I will consult my solicitor, to-morrow, on the subject, and we will see what can be done.”

The little woman was all gratitude, and they rose to take leave. When he heard they were to return on the morrow, he begged that they would be his guests while he remained in town.

“We shall then,” he said, “know each other the better. You, Mrs. Horn, must be anxious to be near your husband—and you, my gallant friend, can better watch the progress of your ship.”

He told them his health was much impaired by his long residence in India, that the country air suited him better than London, that he had engaged a cottage upon the South-downs of Sussex, where he hoped they would visit him. He pressed them to stay at once, but Ellen could not consent to leave Nelly behind, so it was finally agreed, to their mutual satisfaction, that Ellen, and her little girl, and Dick Horn, should return and remain with him on the following day.

CHAPTER XIV

By an early hour, next morning, Ellen and Richard had taken leave of the worthy inmates of Dumpton Farm, and mounted again in old Winton's gig, with Nelly seated on her mother's knee, Dobbin was once more invited to put forth his energies in their service.

Upon their arrival in London they repaired at once to Mr. Brown's hotel, where he appeared waiting to receive them. Ellen's first impulse was, of course, to visit her husband.

Little Nell took, all at once, a mighty fancy to the old gentleman, and he seemed quite pleased to retain her as a play-fellow. He was exceedingly fond of children; so Ellen was quite content to leave her there, and she went forth, escorted by Richard, to seek her captive husband.

Hulloa! what's this?" exclaimed Horn, at the very moment that he held, raised in his hand, the ponderous knocker on the gate of the Fleet, a large placard had arrested his attention; it was to the following effect:

PROCLAMATION.—G. R.

FIFTY POUNDS REWARD!!!

WHEREAS, on the morning of the 15th inst., Miles Davenport and Adrian Horn, debtors, confined in the Fleet Prison, having violently assaulted the officers, effected their escape from the aforesaid jail, the above reward will be

paid on their apprehension. And all persons are cautioned against harbouring the said prisoners, on penalty of being proceeded against according to law.

“ Here’s a go !” said Richard, having given vent to his feelings of surprise by a sustained whistle. “ A gallant action, I dare say, a regular cutting-out, but whether it is for the best or not, I am unable to decide, how say you, sister ?”

“ I am perfectly astonished and dismayed. My ideas are really so confused by this sudden shock, that I know not what to think ; at all events, one thing is certain, that it is a dreadful stigma to have one’s name thus publicly made known as an escaped prisoner, and a price set upon one’s head. It’s no use our remaining here, let us away as quickly as possible.”

Not a word was exchanged as they retraced their steps ; the thoughts of both were busy

at work, and Ellen's tears were falling fast. It was indeed a bitter disappointment to her, she felt so sanguine of being able to effect his honorable release, and she was in full expectation of his coming forth a wiser, although a poorer man. Before, she believed him to be only unfortunate, but now he had brought disgrace on himself and family by his flight.

Mr. Brown was quite alarmed at the rapid change in Ellen's countenance; he feared something dreadful had happened; she tried to speak but could not. Hope, that had hitherto sustained, had now entirely deserted her. She sank upon the sofa, the old gentleman had no idea what to do in such a case, but he rang the bell and summoned the chamber-maid, and Ellen was carried off to a bed-room. Miss Nell had been very good, seated on Mr. Brown's knee looking at pictures, which he had sent out to purchase expressly for her gratification, but when mama was led away, the little one, not comprehending the reason of this pro-

ceeding, screamed and cried at full pitch, the upper note of which was calculated to damage the tympanum of Mr. Brown's ear.

These little scenes, not altogether pleasurable, might be supposed to operate as a "check upon Child and Co." in Mr. Brown's mind, for having lived all his life a bachelor, it might be questionable whether he would now, at his advanced age, be willing to take upon himself the cares and miseries of other people and their children; but with him, these incidents had the effect of encreasing his interest in the family of his adoption.

Ellen remained in a state of stupor; a medical man was called in. Next morning she was much better, but suffering from great depression of spirits. The doctor advised her immediate removal, change of air and scene were the only remedies he could prescribe.

Mr. Brown was glad of this, for he longed to take her to his home on the southern hills. So next day, the business that brought him to

town being completed, and his chariot with post-horses being in readiness, Ellen, almost unconscious of what was passing around her, suffered herself to be placed in it. She had been fortunate in securing the services of her former maid, for the kind old man having suggested the expediency of her being accompanied by a female attendant, Richard was despatched in quest of an address that Ellen gave him; he speedily re-appeared in a cab with the object of his search, who was delighted to return to her former mistress. So with her maid and his man outside, and Mr. Brown and Nell inside, away rolled the easy travelling carriage, on its course to the south.

Richard promised to follow in a day or two, and in the mean time, he undertook to make all possible enquiries as to the fate of his unhappy brother.

The travellers arrived safely at their destination, and the change appeared already to have produced a beneficial effect upon Mrs. Horn.

Her little daughter was in full force, and at high romps with Mr. Brown during the whole of the journey.

Downmore Cottage was a delightful residence, perched on the side of the hills in a most favoured nook of the Downs. The windows opened to the ground, and exposed to view a rich country of wood and glade. The house was fitted up in a style of Eastern luxury, and the rich and varied products of India contributed largely to its ornaments. It was such a spot as Ellen in her romantic days would have coveted. It was a sequestered abode; there was not a cottage within a mile of it. If Adrian had been but there, how happy she would have been!

CHAPTER XV.

THE same day that Mrs. Horn visited her husband in the goal, Miles Davenport had an important interview with Schimmel. They had met before there, and Davenport had employed him confidentially to ascertain what had become of Wiggle.

The baron imparted to him the startling intelligence, that the rascally lawyer had absconded, on the very day that Davenport was arrested, and that it had been discovered, that

he had carried away a large sum of money with him; also, that he had succeeded in embarking in a ship ready to sail for America, which, luckily for him, weighed, and stood out for sea, almost as soon as he was on board!

It would be difficult to describe the effect produced on the master-mind of Tagg's Alley by this announcement. The enquiries that would naturally ensue, must precipitate the discovery of the forgery, and he had no doubt but that Wiggle, to secure his flight, had caused the arrest of himself and Horn.

There was no time to be lost in carrying out the plot he had concocted in his own fertile brain, which was no less than that of effecting their escape from the Fleet on that very night. The worthy Jew departed, promising his co-operation to his utmost ability.

Davenport and Horn met in the yard soon after for their afternoon exercise. The

latter looked miserably depressed, and he told his friend that if he could muster courage, he would hang himself.

“Patience, patience, wait a little longer here, my good fellow, and Jack Ketch will save you the trouble!” and then he whispered, so that their brother prisoners might not overhear. “Be ready to-night with your clothes on!”

What these portentous words might imply, he scarcely dared to think, but they tended vastly to encrease the nervousness and trepidation which he already experienced.

Davenport, since his incarceration, had pleaded sickness, a device which he thought might assist his views. The suppers had been served out, the cells had been closed for the night, and the watchmen were upon duty. Horn, in conformity with Davenport’s advice, had turned into bed with his day-clothes on. Unable to close his eyes, he lay in a state of intense anxiety, listening to every sound. He

heard the chimes of the clocks—twelve o'clock had struck, and the watchman passed his door on his rounds—how long the hours seemed—one o'clock sounded—two o'clock—three o'clock—his eyelids were getting heavy now with sleep, when again his sensitive ears heard the watchman unlocking the iron gratings in the passage—he passed his door—there was a sound—the footsteps ceased—Davenport had called—and Adrian heard the key turn in his neighbour's lock.

The man entered; Davenport declared that the sacking-rope of his bedstead had given way, and he was unable, from weakness, to repair it. The watchman good-naturedly put his lamp upon the floor, and looked under the bed. The prisoner threw off the coverlets, sprang out of bed, (he was already dressed,) and quicker than it takes to write these words, his victim lay sprawling on the ground.

Miles seized the leg of the stool, which he

had detached for the purpose, and beat the poor fellow on the head, till he had rendered him insensible; then plucking the keys from his waist, he rushed out, and fastened the door behind him.

He next proceeded to unlock Horn's door, and bade him noiselessly follow; not daring to refuse, yet trembling to advance, the wretched Adrian obeyed. Gate after gate in the passages was opened, and groaned on their hinges, but they encountered no further interruption. They emerged from the building now, and they had to cross the yard, and the great gates were before them. Now came the most formidable difficulty. They had not the keys of exit; they must enter the porter's lodge, through the open door of which a light was seen glimmering, doubtless there was a watch there. Davenport stole forwards on tip-toe—two men were there, one was lying down asleep, the other was sitting, with his back to him, looking at the fire.

“Courage, now, and we are free,” whispered he, to Horn, on his return.

He then delivered over to Horn the leg of the stool which he had retained, and directed him to attack the sleeping man while he undertook to reduce the other to silence.

Horn’s hair stood on end with horror ! They entered noiselessly ; before the man could look round, Miles had swung him back with violence on the ground. Adrian fell upon the sleeping partner, and belaboured him to the best of his ability, but he was getting overpowered, for the man had started up ; Horn, however, had plucked up all his courage, and felt it was a struggle for life or death.

Davenport perceived his danger—seized the poker—inflicted a fearful blow on his prostrate antagonist, and then rushing at the other felled him to the ground. He dashed at the keys which were suspended over the fire-place, and he and his accomplice rushed forth. They, with

all rapidity, closed the door, and shot out the bolt—which was fortunately outside. Then they ran to the gates—they were unbarred—unbolted and unlocked with all possible speed—closed again—and then they were in the street!

They had scarcely passed beyond the precincts of the prison, when the alarm bell rung violently, thus braying forth the notice of their flight!

They ran—how they ran! their speed seemed given for the occasion; they never looked back—they never slackened, until they had reached the wandering lane that led to the back of Schimmel's house!

The door in the passage was open; Davenport led the way; there was the Baron ready for them in his back office. Not a moment was to be lost; they would, surely, be sought for there. They stripped to the skin; their own clothes were buried, by an assistant Jew, in the

garden ; and, in a few minutes, they came forth again—Adrian blackened all over with soot, and wearing the tattered clothes of a sweep, with a bag and brush over his shoulder, and Davenport with a red wig and ruddy complexion, habited as a country labourer, in a long smock and round felt hat, bearing a pitch fork in his hand.

They quitted the house hastily, in opposite directions ; but, it was agreed, that they should meet, if possible, that night at Brentford—where their valuable ally, Schimmel, had a friend, in the same line as his own, and to whom he gave them a note of introduction.

For hours and hours, the sweep toiled along the roads, endeavouring to look easy in his demeanour, and imitating, as much as possible the slip-shod amble of the character he had assumed. Faint from fatigue, hunger, and exhaustion—for he dared not enter any house—he stooped down and slaked his thirst at a road-

side pond—then crept into a field and pulled a turnip—which he carried to a copse hard by to devour—and, gathering himself up in a ditch, under a hedge-row, he slept for many hours—for the sun was high when he awoke. He remained there until the shades of evening were descending, when he stole forth and enquired his way to Brentford. He had erred so widely from his course, that he found he had still several miles to walk—but he arrived at last—and, without much difficulty, he found the house to which he was directed. Davenport was already there, seated before the fire, and with outstretched legs, was enjoying a clay pipe, and was, apparently, quite at his ease.

“Hallo! here’s Sambo, the soot-boy, come at last!” exclaimed he, laughing, as Horn made his forlorn appearance. He rose and introduced his “pal,” as he called him, with much mock dignity, to the master and mistress of the house—and a vile-looking couple they were.

The sweep expressed his anxiety about some

thing to eat—saying that he was all but famished.

“I suppose you have money to pay?” observed the lady of the house; “we never trust; and, if it had not been for our good friend, Mr. Schimmel’s note, we should not have received strangers at all.”

Adrian declared his ability to bestow prompt payment, and produced his pocket-book, and offered to her a bank-note for change. The sweep evidently rose fifty per cent. in madam’s estimation by this display, and the remains of a cold beef pudding were quickly spread before him.

“And I am in luck too!” exclaimed Davenport, laughing; “for, in the dark, I frightened an old woman out of the contents of her pocket, by merely asking what o’clock it was! And here they are! There’s four-and-sixpence in money—a heart pin-cushion—a pair of spectacles—a ball of worsted, and a red-herring! And that’s the first highway robbery I ever

committed—which is more than many can say !”

Davenport relapsed into silence, while Horn was mercilessly plying his knife and fork. He (Miles) was turning over in his mind, what course he should pursue. The great object now appeared to be, to get rid of his country as speedily as possible—the difficulty was how to do it? the best plan seemed to be, for them to make their way to the sea-coast, and get on board some emigrant ship—and work out their passage if needs be.

(By the way, it may here be mentioned, that “the Leveret” had been seized and condemned by the revenue officers, contraband goods having been discovered in her.)

The companionship of Horn would offer no impediments, as he could give him the slip at any time—and even relieve him of the contents of his pocket-book, if convenient.

There was a rap of knuckles outside the door, and then a tap at the window, and a low

peculiar whistle was heard. Adrian started to his feet in consternation, Davenport contented himself with turning round his head with a somewhat anxious glance.

The master of the house re-assured them, they need not be alarmed. It was only a friend.

“It’s the Stunner, by his whistle!” observed his wife, in an under tone, and they proceeded to open the door.

“Walk in, Nick—I thought it was you!” said the landlord.

A man of a most forbidding cast of countenance made his appearance; and the low-crowned, broad-brimmed hat, gave him a swaggering, impudent air. He was of middling height, and looked active and strong. His head seemed disproportionably small—being set on such a short, thick neck—the muscles of which were protuberant. His shirt collars were open, and a coloured kerchief, tied in a knot, hung loosely round. His face was hard and wiry,

and his forehead so curtailed, that the hair grew almost to his eye-brows, which were shaggy and nearly concealed the little, sharp, cunning eyes, which seemed trying their utmost to make a tunnel of the nose, and effect a junction. A velveteen jacket, corduroy breeches, displaying his powerful legs, and heavy laced boots completed his attire. Such was "the Stunner," a *striking* character, and just such a customer as one would prefer not to meet in a lonely spot on a dark night !

He eyed the other two guests suspiciously. The landlord took him aside and whispered,

"Friends of Mo: Schimmel's—little one got some tin—suspect they're swells out of the way for debt."

The fellow had an infinite fund of mirth and of low comic humour, and he diverted them exceedingly. He related some bold exploits likewise, in which he appeared to have acted a prominent part. They were quite convivial as they sat sipping their drams over the fire.

Horn had fallen dead asleep; and, as they intended to be off before daylight, it was judged best that they should all "toddle to their cribs."

The Stunner having inquired their line of country, was informed that it lay southwards; he told them if they got to Guildford next night, it might be useful for them, as they appeared "Yokels," and hadn't taken much to the road, to know that there was a good house, where travellers were accommodated, which he patronised, kept by one Guppy, and they might say that he, Nick Watkins, had directed them there.

They then had to bargain for fresh suits of clothes with the host, as they deemed it prudent to appear in a total change of character next day. They left their present habiliments—which were, certainly, not valuable, but the old skin-flint made them pay "through the nose," for some rusty toggery, which he pro-

duced—the money for the same Adrian had to furnish.

At day-break Mr. Watkins was stirring; and, having roused up his neighbours—for they all occupied the same apartment—the landlord was already in the kitchen to let them out, and to take the money for any thing they might have.

Each took a morning dram; and, having pocketed some bread and cheese, they sallied forth. Mr. Watkins left them at the door; he said he preferred travelling alone by day; three men together were more likely to be observed, so he started off in another direction.

Nothing worthy of remark occurred during the day; they avoided notice as much as possible, and one kept a-head of the other.

Miles was attired in a fustian shooting-jacket and leggings, like a gamekeeper; and Horn appeared as the simple countryman.

It was getting dusk when they were about

one mile from Guildford. A man bounded over a hedge by the side of Adrian.

“Stop!” cried he. Adrian’s heart was in his mouth. It was The Stunner!—he only laughed: “I thought I should funk yer,” said he.

They walked on together, and entered the town—a placard with large letters arrested their attention, “50*l*. Reward.” They could just read it by the glimmer of the street lamp. It was the reward for their apprehension, giving their names and describing their persons accurately. Mr. Watkins spelt it over likewise, and perceiving the interest it created in his acquaintances, he jumped shrewdly at the conclusion. “A tall man and a short one,” there could be no mistake.

The friends informed their conductor that they stood in no need of his chum Guppy’s hospitality, and they preferred continuing their journey.

“Well, gemmen, please yourselves,” said the

Stunner. "I'll just put my nose in the corn-bag for a moment, and damp my mug a bit, and I'll be after you in a crack, if you keep along the road, and are agreeable to the same."

They agreed, and he disappeared.

"You don't think he will betray us?" suggested Horn, when they had cleared the town.

"Why, it just struck me that the reward might tempt him. He can't do it himself as I presume he is pretty shy of the constables, but he might put others up to do it. We shall, however, hear any one along the road."

They had walked about a couple of miles, when they caught the sound of rapidly approaching footsteps. They dropped into a ditch on the shady side of the road, for the moon was shining bright. They waited till the man had passed—it was Mr. Watkins and no one else was visible. So they emerged from their hiding-place, and overtook him.

They walked along in the moonlight.

“Horn!” exclaimed the new acquaintance, suddenly turning to Adrian.

“Yes,” replied he, taken off his guard before he could recover himself.

“Ha! ha!” roared the facetious Stunner, quite delighted at his own wit. “I thought as how the little one was Horn; but you should be more *downey*, my cove!”

Then he went on to tell them how much the more he esteemed them, now that he had discovered that they were “regular goal-birds, that had made a hole in the stone-jug, and ewaporated!”

Then he confided to them what they already knew, and guessed as much—that he was Nick Watkins, commonly called “The Stunner,” considered by all judges (though he said it) to be the most expert cracksman in or out of London. He produced his credentials, his tools of office—a jemmy, a centre-bit, a file, a bunch of skeleton-keys, some matches and a dark-lan-thorn. He said he was on some business down

the road, and he could "put them fly to a job, if they were willing to bear a hand, that would heap plenty of blunt in their clies!" He expected to meet a confederate before morning, who would tell him more about it; that, as far as he knew, his little affair was to come off at the house of a rich old gentleman, who had just returned from 'the *Ingies*,' with lots of gold and silver plate and swagg of all descriptions, lying about the house, with only himself and an old man-servant to guard it.

They turned into the tap of a public-house to refresh themselves, and then they continued their march. He amused them with his prattle of scenes and characters that were so new to them. For hours they tramped on; they now skirted over a hill to avoid a town, which, by the extent of the lights, appeared to be of some importance, and then they descended on the turnpike road again. Then he led them across a common, and vaulting over a gate, entered a thick wood. There was a grass ride down the middle,

which he followed. He told them to walk quietly here, lest the keepers might be about. They heard nothing, however, except the hooting of an owl, and the whiz of the bats as they flew past.

They traversed the wood and came out again in the open, then he took to a foot-path across some meadows, and turning, after awhile, to the left, he walked close under a belt of fir-trees, till at last he arrived at a hovel, and there he stopped. It was a mere shed, intended for the protection of the cattle, roofed and walled in, on three sides, with furze-bushes.

Mr. Watkins threw himself down immediately at full length, to take a rest after their long day's work. Here he expected to meet a friend, and as his work was not yet over, he lost no time in making all suitable preparations for enjoying a comfortable nap, which consisted in scraping together in a corner a large collection of dry fern that lay scattered about, and saying

he should be aware the moment his mate arrived, for he always slept with one eye open ; he was soon snoring vigorously.

“What a beautiful night !” observed Davenport ; “and although we have done wonders in the way of tramping, to-day, I don’t feel the least inclined to sleep. Hand us over the brandy-bottle, Horn !”

“No more do I,” replied the other producing a small bottle, of which he had made the provident purchase at the little inn by the roadside, together with some biscuits and a scrap of bacon. “Let’s regale ourselves, and then we will have a pipe before we snooze. Our friend sleeps well ; I wonder what he is dreaming about ?—and I wonder who is thinking of us at this moment ?”

“Many more than we could desire, and some by whom it would be better to be forgotten,” replied Davenport, “by the bye, would you not like to hear news of your wife and baby ?”

"Indeed I should," answered Adrian, half concealing a sigh.

"I never told you that I had a very pleasant interview with her in a fly, just before I was grabbed, but as she appeared to prefer walking, she called to her assistance a fellow who was passing. A short, stout, little chap, with heaps of sandy hair, a sailor I should think, he fought her battles manfully. You ought to be jealous, for he was such a handsome man, Horn!" said Davenport laughing.—"I think I have seen his ugly mug before somewhere," continued he.

"Where?" asked Adrian, anxiously interrupting him.

"I am not sure, but I think it was at Birmingham, where I diddled the fool and a good many others out of some money."

"What were you doing at Birmingham, Miles?"

"Oh! it's a long story, and a long time ago."

‘Davenport,’ spoke Horn, somewhat seriously, “I have often longed to hear more of your history, I never can make you out.”

“Well, I am not proud. I have been a precious rogue all my life, and I intend to continue so, for it suits me—I like it—as to my adventures, they are at your service; keep them snug, as I think of publishing them some fine day, if I am not cut off all of a heap. I’ll just fill my pipe, and then fire away.”

CHAPTER XVI.

“ I can’t tell you who my parents were, for the best of reasons—I don’t know ! I may have been high born, or stolen for my clothes, but when I first made my own acquaintance, I was a little, grubby urchin running wild and almost naked on moors and common, or wherever the respectable party—who stood (as they say in the law-books) *in loco parentis*—chose to pitch his camp. I used to call him Dad, and the partner of his gipsy-tent and his misery I naturally enough denominated Mammy.

Dad was a basket-maker by trade; he also rushed chair-bottoms, mended umbrellas and china, tinkered pots and pans—in fact there were few things to which he could not turn his hand. At wiring a hare or rabbit, or in picking up a pheasant or plump partridge, he was unrivalled. He had an able accomplice in a little rough-haired, bandy-legged terrier—who literally could do everything but speak. He would go and hunt by himself in the woods, and when he had found any game, he would run back and look up in Dad's face, who always understood his meaning, and followed him directly. He seldom returned empty-handed.

“His fair partner of the softer sex, my respected mammy, is presented to my recollection as being more like an Ojibbeway Indian than anything else. She was a majestic female with a stride like a race-horse, and a fist of iron, as I knew to my cost. She always wore a black velvet bonnet and feathers, and a yellow spotted handkerchief on her neck; a bril-

liant red cloak; and many curious rings glittered on her fingers. She did the commercial part of the establishment, and carried a large, heavy basket, slung across her shoulders with a leathern strap, containing wares of all descriptions, principally of tin.

“She was a very skilful negociator in rabbit-skins, and generally returned with a well-stored wallet of what is termed “broken victuals,” securing the patronage of cooks by telling their fortunes.

“I was happy as the day was long, and was treated with great kindness by the old folks, whom I was taught to consider as my parents, and I was very fond of them, but they returned my affection a hundred fold.

“Some marks of their attachment, however, I could have dispensed with, for when either or both were *in spirits*, I invariably reaped the benefits of them by receiving an immoderate share of thumps and kicks; so upon these occasions I contrived if possible to keep out of *'arm's* way.

“It was a leading principle of Dad's life, never to neglect an opportunity of getting drunk, and his old wife was too dutiful not to follow his example as closely as possible.

“I grew strong and active—as fleet as the deer—and became useful in many ways, petty pilfering principally. I thought nothing of starting off bare-footed, and running over hill and dale from morning till night, in quest of some farmer's poultry which we might have observed on our progress, for our policy was, never to prig in the immediate neighbourhood of our encampment.

“My only habiliments in those days, were Dad's cast-off clothes, and they may easily be supposed not to have been a very tight fit, in fact, the seat of his discarded corderoys nearly swept the ground as I walked; but this, far from being inconvenient, often supplied me with the means of stowing away my stolen property, and many is the chicken and duck

that I have dropped into that receptacle of Daddy's small clothes!

"In the course of time, I flew at higher game, and having the misfortune to lose the ancient donkey, which from time immemorial, had borne the sticks and canvass of our tent, I set about to repair the loss.

"One night, I spied a pony in a field, and finding no owner near, I brought him away. Dad felt that this was a dangerous move, but his love of gain not relishing the idea of parting with a prize, we broke up the encampment in all haste, and hurried on by forced marches to gain a fair which was being held in a small town in the adjoining county. Before, however, we could reach it, we were pounced upon by constables, carried before a magistrate, and sent to prison. Mammy was discharged.

"Our trial came at length. Dad was sentenced to be hanged; and I, on account of my youth, to be transported for life.

"There was such a howl in court! poor Bess

was there, and she shrieked and called aloud for mercy for her old man ; but there was none. The judge declared he had a stern and painful duty to discharge, and that the woman who disturbed the court, must be turned out.

“Poor dad was hanged ; and I vowed vengeance on his murderers ! I was not transported, but imprisoned for a year, and then discharged. That night, I fired the prosecutor’s barn !

“I hurried over all the well-remembered resting-places in search of Mammy Bess. It was some time before I discovered her ; and then, I came upon her suddenly, sitting under a hedge, with her feet in the ditch, and rocking to and fro, as she smoked her pipe. No mother could more warmly welcome a son than she did me ; but she was altered—terribly wizened had she become !

“‘You have come in time, jewel,’ said she, after we had talked a great deal. ‘I have not long to breathe, little Joe—I am very bad

here —' and she put her thin, long hand on her side. 'I am glad you have come, boy, for I wanted to see you—you can dig a hole, and put old mammy underground, when she is dead—there's nobody to do it but you, and the spirit will be uneasy, and will not rest, if the body be unburied.'

"I strove to comfort her, and told her she would recover—that it was only cold; but she knew better.

" 'No, no—my time is near. I heard my old man calling to me through the trees yesternight;' and she looked wistfully round over her shoulder, as though she expected him there. 'I thought to have dropped the other day in Worcester, when offering skins at a doctor's door—he chanced to come out of his shop, where the great bottles are in the window. He said I was very ill; and I told him I know'd it; and I would give him my skins to make me well, and young again. He couldn't do

that, he said ; but he could make me better ; so he gave me some stuff to drink, and some more in a little bottle, and it did me good. He wouldn't take skins or money—oh, he was a good doctor, that !

“ Much rain had fallen in the day. The ground was damp where she sat, and her clothes clung close to her with wet. I brought her to a drier spot, where the foliage was thick overhead, and, lighting a fire, I went to a cottage not far off, and begged for a cup of beer.

“ It was freely given ; and I warmed it over the fire, and made her swallow it. But the old woman was evidently failing. At last, she fell asleep ; and I, tired with watching, did the same.

“ All at once I felt her hand upon me, and awoke—she was sitting up—day was just breaking—there was the cold air of early morn, but the birds were not singing yet.

“ ‘ Whisht !’ said she, as I started up, ‘ he’s called me again !’

“Her eyes looked brighter, but it was but a flicker, and she fell back and groaned.

“‘Joey darling,’ said she, ‘I am terribly pained, but I shall be easier soon—that is, I hope so—for I like not to die just yet, though he calls me. Joey—I’ve been a bad woman—I wonder if I shall be much punished? Oh! if I had that doctor’s stuff!’

“‘I’ll run and get some, mammy—say where it is?’

“‘Oh, it’s miles to Worcester,’ said she, ‘and he will not give you any more for nothing.’

“But away I went on the wings of the wind—the last mile-stone was passed, and I was in Worcester. Without much difficulty I found the shop—‘FERN, Chemist and Druggist,’ written over it. I had been taught to read in goal. There was a night-bell, which I pulled, and speedily a night-capped head appeared at the open window.

“‘What do you want, my lad?’ cried the old gentleman in a loud voice.

“‘Poor woman, very ill—wants some stuff, sir.’

“‘Who? what? where is she?’ said he, rubbing his eyes, ‘stop—I’ll come down.’

“Down he came to the street door in his dressing-gown. I told him the story, and succeeded in making him recollect her.

“‘Ah, yes—I remember—a poor old gipsy! Bad case—don’t know what to do without seeing—does she cough much?—shake and tremble? But stay, I’ll come and see her die, poor thing—all out in the cold.’

“He rang a bell, and a lad soon appeared.

“‘Put the saddle on the grey, as quick as possible.’

“He asked me a few questions, filled his pockets with what he thought requisite, and told me to get on and say he was coming.

“I walked gently out of the town, and soon heard the clatter of his horse’s hoofs.

“ ‘ Stupid boy,’ said he, as soon as he came up; ‘ why did you not go faster?’

“ ‘ I staid to show you the way,’ I replied.

“ ‘ I know the way, and shall be there long before you,’ he exclaimed, putting the grey into a gallop.

“ ‘ No, you won’t,’ I cried; and I ran by his side, then shot ahead, and got there first.

“ ‘ Mammy,’ said I, gently shaking her arm as she lay on her side, ‘ here’s the good doctor come to see you.’

“ She looked surprised and pleased, I thought.

“ ‘ There—sit up a little, my good woman,’ said Mr. Fern, raising her gradually, with my assistance; ‘ let me have a look at you. Ah, I’m afraid you *are* very ill, and I don’t think I can do you much good. Here—drink this—it will give you a little strength.’

“ She gulped down the contents of the phial, and gasped out,

“ ‘ What! am I to die immediately? Joey,

darling, remember to have my old body covered over. Here—stretch out your hand and take out a pair of stockings from my pocket.’

“ I fumbled for her pocket, and found as she said.

“ ‘ Open these,’ (and her eyes glistened) ‘ there are bank-notes—all for you, Joey ! Doctor, as you value your soul, take care of them for him—feed and clothe him, and let him not steal, nor beg. I am not his mother, but he has been better than a son to me—nor was my old man his father—we stole him—but we have been punished.’

“ She gasped again for breath. A sound seemed to strike upon her ear.

“ ‘ I am coming !’ she exclaimed, with more energy.

“ She fell back—she was dead !

“ I was a hardened little villain, but my grief was wild at losing my only friend. I tore my clothes, and plucked out my hair by handfuls, and it required some violence on the part

of the apothecary, to separate me from the corpse of poor old Bess. He led me away to the town, walking by the side of his old grey horse, and took me into his house, telling me that it should be my home as long as I behaved well. Thanks to him, my gipsy-mother was decently laid in the ground, and he and I followed her body to the grave.

“Fern was a widower, and, I believe, as good a man as could be. I have called him doctor, and apothecary, but he was only a chemist and druggist. The establishment consisted of his only daughter (who was apparently about my own age—for I am ignorant of the day of my nativity) and a maid-servant. I was sent to school, but allowed to return on Sundays, when the good man of the house instructed Emma and me in the way we should go, and heard us our catechism. Then we dined all together, Emma and I romped in the garden, and old Fern sat and looked on, pleased that we were happy.

“Nothing particular happened to me at

school. I was thought sharp and quick, and learnt readily. A short time worked a thorough reformation in the appearance of the long-haired, untamed gipsy-colt! It was always held out to me, as an inducement to exertion, that as soon as I should be competent, I was to leave school and help Mr. Fern in his shop, and he hoped in time I might succeed to his business.

“I fancied this would be much better fun than schooling; but I had a greater inducement still, and that was Emma—I longed to be more with her! Whenever I thought of this, and that was pretty often, I made a fierce attack upon the Latin grammar. *Amo, Amas*, had been long familiar to me!

“The happy day at last arrived when I was to bid adieu to Black Mondays! I took my station in the shop and learnt to roll bolusses and tie up draughts, *secundum artem*. Then I was initiated into the mysteries of compounding medicines, &c.; in my kind friend’s absence

I took a great pleasure in administering them on my own responsibility, invariably presenting the very opposite to the remedy required ; thus, if a customer wanted a composing draught, it suited my inclination to prescribe and deliver to him a violent stimulant, and so on.

“ A drover stopped, as he passed one day, and complained of pains in the head. I made him swallow a bottle of ‘ Calves’ Cordial,’ and he left quite satisfied. As I never saw him again, I think I may be sure that it was effectual.

“ A poor woman in the family-way was brought in one morning in a swoon, having been pursued by a lively bull. Mr. Fern was not in the way—so I had to act for myself—whereupon I shot a box full of dinner pills into her mouth—removed her bonnet and cap—shaved her head—stuck a Burgundy pitch-plaister on it before she came to ; and sealing up a box of Holloway’s ointment, I charged

her three and sixpence, and wished her good morning!

“Whenever, I caught sight of Emma, (and she would seize opportunities of speaking to me, or she would peep through the glass door which led to the back parlour) I invariably made mistakes in my labels—so that a patient, for whom an embrocation had been prepared, would, perhaps, receive a cooling draught instead.

“But I will drop the curtain on my medical career.

“I became passionately enamoured of my master’s daughter. With all my heart and soul, I adored her—with all the eagerness and fondness of a boy’s first love; and she returned my affection. What a lovely creature she was then; just budding into womanhood—a tall, graceful figure! She was fond of admiration, too, and she received it from me to her heart’s content! I breathed my passion into her ear

—early and late we met—her father was the most unsuspecting man in the world. I succeeded in polluting her mind. I was discovered and driven away.

“‘Here,’ said the broken-hearted father, ‘take this money and go! I have been a good steward to your fortune; how cruelly you have repaid me! I have nourished a viper in my bosom! Begone! where you will; but may I never see your face again!’

“And he never did; bless him, what a loss he had—if he had only known it!

“I was grievously distressed; not at the ingratitude of my conduct, but at the loss of my true-love—the only one I had ever loved at that time. I went sorrowing along the road, dejected, and kicking the dust as I walked, not caring whither I went. I thought if I could remain to hover about the city, I still might see my beloved one; yet, doubtless, as she would now be watched, that were next to hopeless. Well, I went on and on, heedless of my way;

till, at last, I suddenly awakened to the conviction that I was hungry, thirsty, and wearied; and, moreover, it was growing late, so I turned into the first pot-house—carrying my bundle of clothes over my shoulders on a stick, and asked to be served with some dinner. I was shown into the tap-room, where three or four fellows were making merry over as many pots of porter.

“They were roughish-looking men, drovers or horse-jockeys, I judged them to be. They wore top-boots, most of them, sporting-coats, and had heavy whips or sticks with them. They had a good deal to say among themselves; and, from some glances that were interchanged, I had an idea that they were noticing me.

“My meal was soon prepared, and I fell to with desperation, and forgot the presence of the other guests. Presently, one came forward and addressed me.

“‘Good appetite?’

“‘Yes,’ said I.

“ ‘Come far?’

“ ‘From Worcester,’ I answered.

“ ‘Going far?’

“ ‘Don’t know,’ I replied.

“He appeared to have nothing more to say ; and he turned away upon his heel and whistled ; presently all the party left the room except one. He was a pleasant, little rogue to look at, and very civil of speech.

“ ‘I am glad that you did not answer any more of his questions, sir,’ said he, ‘ he is a vulgar chap, with greater ignorance of manners than my horse. Give him a *hinch* and he will take a *hell*. Would you like to look at the newspaper, sir?’

“I thanked him ; presently the other fellows returned.

“ ‘Well, will you take my bet?’ said the man who had accosted me first.

“ ‘No,’ replied my friend, ‘I have told you that I don’t bet with *parties* that I know so little of.’

“ ‘ Well,’ said No. 1, ‘ I’ll stake my money ; there’s a ten-pun note.’

“ ‘ No, I’ll only go a fiver, and that on condition that this young gentleman will consent to hold the stake!’ said my friend, looking inquiringly at me.

“ I nodded assent, and No. 1 said he was agreeable, but he couldn’t lay down a fiver, because he had only a ten-pun note in his possession.

“ The wager appeared to be about some horse in the stable at the back, for my friend returned in a few minutes, and said he had won his money, and he thanked me for having condescended to hold the stakes, for he saw with half an eye what I was—

“ ‘ But’ he added, ‘ I must tell you in confidence that I put no trust in that low fellow’s honesty.’

“ The others entered the room a few minutes after.

“ ‘ You’ve won, sir,’ said No. 1, pitching his hat down with some violence on the table, ‘ dash

my buttons, if I didn't think I was sure to win !'

"I did my duty and handed over the ten-pound note to my friend, and the five-pound note to No. 1.

" 'Why this is a country note,' said No. 1, 'it's no use to one, I must have a Bank of Englander.'

"My friend said he should not give any other, and that if it did not give satisfaction, he might lump it. They seemed now preparing for a row, and they talked a great deal and very loud ; at last, to restore peace, I offered to give two fives for the ten-pound note.

" 'No, no, sir, don't do it, he's no right to expect it,' said my friend.

"But I insisted, and handed to him two Bank of England notes for No. 1's ten-pound, who thanked me very much, and shortly he and his party left the room. My friend waited till they had withdrawn, and said he had no

notion of a low fellow like that giving himself *hairs*.

“ ‘It was very kind of you, but my dear sir, I am sorry to see the loose way as how you carry your money. You’ll excuse me, I’m older than you. I will show you, by your leave, how I roll up my notes, so that none but myself can get at them. It’s a trick I learnt of a first-rate London banker, who was connected with my mother!’ ”

“ He laid on the table a bundle of notes, and then taking a sheet of paper, he turned in the edges and rolled them round tightly.

“ ‘Now open that if you can,’ said he pitching the little parcel to me.

“ I twisted it round and round, but for the life of me, without tearing the cover, I could not open it.

“ ‘There!’ said he triumphantly, ‘that’s what I call security, and if any evil disposed person saw it, he might think it was only a

a screw of tobacco. Now I'll roll yours if you please!' said he, holding out his hand.

"I confess I did not see the advantage of this process, but willing to see how it was done, I handed to him all the notes I had. It was done in a moment.

"'There keep that snug in your fob, and say nothing to nobody!'

"We talked a bit together; I was rather flattered by his preference, and presently the other men returned, and said as my friend had won, they thought he should treat them to something to drink.

"'With all my heart,' replied he, 'I always wishes to behave quite honorable!' and the landlord was summoned, and a bowl of Bishop ordered.

"I don't wish to spin out my story, so I will briefly tell you that we passed a convivial night, (it was my first jollification) and I recollect little more. I awoke next morning with a splitting head-ache; my boon com-

panions were off, but there was my little brown parcel that I had had sense enough to place under my pillow. I arose and breakfasted, and not having much more in my pocket than would satisfy the claims of 'mine host,' I tore open the brown envelope, when to my horror and dismay, I found it contained nothing but scraps of paper!

"I communicated my loss to the landlord, and enquired if he knew the rogues, and where they were gone. *

"No, he knew nothing about them; he would not take his oath he hadn't seen them before; but he saw so many such, that he couldn't be certain. They had left at daylight, with an old horse, which they had brought with them. He thought that they were come from some fair, and were on their way to another.

"I started instantly in pursuit; I tracked them out of the yard, along the road; at the first toll-gate I enquired, and found that they had passed through. I recollect well that day,

for I felt that I was a man. I had my own way to work out, and I determined to rely on my own exertions. I would be a great and a rich man some day, I flattered myself!

“I was on their track, and I followed it all day; sometimes, I lost sight of it; but, by perseverance and ingenuity, I was enabled to set myself right. There were many roads to select; but I never threw away a chance, and by repeated enquiries of every person I met, and at every cottage door, at the end of the second day’s hunt, I had run my game to ground; and peeping through the windows of an inn, in a small town, I saw my friends pleasantly seated and enjoying themselves. Now how was I to get my own again? By information before the magistrate? They had hoaxed me; I would see if I could pay them off in their own coin!

“I had passed an old sailor begging at the outskirts. I sought him, and talked with him. He had a patch on his eye, having been dis-

charged from ophthalmia. I learn't his whole story, and I told him I pitied him. I offered all the relief in my power; my new clothes for his old ones, and a shilling to boot! He jumped at the offer; and behind a barn then and there we effected the exchange, he selling out of the service, and receiving the difference! Difference? by Jove, you never saw a man change characters as quickly as I did; the old sailor's clothes seemed made for me! I laughed at myself as I walked back, figged in a striped-shirt, blue-jacket and trousers, a straw-hat, and the old boy's patch over my eye.

“I entered the public room, where they were; it required all the impudence I could command, for they stared at me as I entered; but, apparently, having satisfied themselves with the scrutiny, they thought I was some poor, disabled wretch, and did not notice me further. So that to attract them, I feigned drunkenness later in the evening; I

moved about as much like a sailor as I could, hitching up my trowsers, and calling for grog ; and then I detailed all I had learnt from the regular Jack tar. I told them I had been paid off, after serving three years, and that I laid a crown I could show as many bank-notes as 'ere a gentleman in the room.

“ ‘ Done,’ said they.

“ But I wouldn’t show until they led the way. When my former friend threw down an identical brown paper parcel, and told me his notes were in there, and he’d lay any sum that I couldn’t open it.

“ ‘ Done !’ said I.

“ I seized it, and tore it open ; and threw him the little brown packet of paper which he had left with me.

“ ‘ Now, gentlemen, we are quits !’ said I, pulling off the patch, and raising my hat, and replacing my hair in its usual arrangements.

“ They stared wonderfully—uncertain how

to take it, at first—and then my little friend leading the way, burst out into fits of uproarious laughter. They rose and shook me by the hand, and declared that I was the sharpest blade they had ever met; and said they—

“ ‘ What a rare leg you’d make !’

“ I hardly knew whether to be pleased with their compliments or not; but they pressed me so hard to join their fraternity, and to see a little of life with them, promising me good pay and fare, that I consented to accompany them, for a time.

“ Our roving life was pleasant enough; and there was that creditable feeling of ‘ honour ’ among them, that they never attempted to take advantage of me. We attended all the horse and cattle fairs; they were then on their way to Framwell. I learned a good many tricks of the trade; and we, sometimes, bought a horse for a trifle, and having blacked, docked,

hogged, and figged the animal, we re-sold him for double the amount to the same master. There was a favorite trick of theirs, which was generally successful. I, being generally selected to do the genteel part of the business, accosted some farmer, or other person, who, from his looks, seemed likely to answer our purpose, and inquired, with all the innocence that I could command, if he would do me a slight service, which I should be happy to repay by a compliment of five pounds. My request was that he would go and bid twenty sovereigns for a horse, which I pointed out, that I had set my heart upon possessing, and which I knew to be well worth the money, but on account of a quarrel, the owner would have no dealings with me at all. If he would buy it, and bring it to me at such a place, (generally naming the nearest inn), I should feel much obliged, and would hand over to him twenty-five pounds. If the bait took, one of the gang sold him some old wretched

rip, worth about as many shillings, and, of course, I was never seen after that. If, however, as was sometimes the case, the person I addressed was wide awake enough to ask for the money to make the purchase, then I told him, I had not made up my mind, and would not trouble him at present.

“ I remained with these scamps for some time, until I thought it high time to better my condition.

“ In passing through a village, one day, I observed a paper in a shop-window, on which was written, ‘ a lad wanted,’ I entered and enquired the particulars. They informed me that it was an errand-boy’s place, at Lawyer Grinder’s. I determined to pursue the investigation—I had a great fancy for the law, which overcame my dislike to the errands.

“ I had an interview with Grinder, who liked my looks, and thought I appeared sharp and active. I was to make myself generally useful—open the office, sweep it, light the fires,

clean the boots, run errands and copy papers. He asked for a specimen of my writing, which I gave him, and he engaged me directly, at a salary of five pounds per annum, for which I was to find everything but my meals! Notwithstanding the unremunerative prospect, I accepted it, and cut my friends.

“I was soon enabled, thanks to my schooling and to strict attention to my duties, to become very useful to Grinder. I was treated to all the dignity of a clerk, and my master found he could employ me much more profitably in writing law-papers than in wearing out my shoes in running errands. After a probation of two years, he offered to take me as an articled clerk, without any premium for the same, and I was regularly bound and articled in indentures to him. I was doing very well there, and in time, doubtless, I might have expected to have taken Grinder's place, or even to have walked him out of it, but I suppose the gipsy habits of my youth rendered sedentary

habits irksome to me—I longed for further fields of glory.

“My master had received a supply of forms and prospectusses from a London Emigration Society, which had appointed him their local agent for that district, which being an agricultural one, was at that time greatly distressed, and the inhabitants consequently anxious to move, as any change, they thought, must be for the better. I had been employed in carrying out the measures of this scheme, when it struck me, all at once, that I could be more advantageously employed in doing so on my own account.

“One fine morning I quitted Mr. Grinder’s service, without leave, and taking with me a bundle of the Emigration Papers, I found my way with all speed to Birmingham. I there engaged an office, placarded the place with prospectusses explanatory of the advantages offered by my company, and calling myself Thompson, I dubbed myself local secretary and

agent. The traps I so artfully baited caught lots of flat-fish, fools of all sorts and genders came thick upon me. I received their deposit-money, and engaged to supply them with a free passage and a landed estate on their arrival in Australia, and having disposed of all my tickets and started them off to join the good ship Bonassus at Bristol, I made off, like a meteor, with all my bright gains, and shot across England and the channel, and lighted on Boulogne.

“I deemed it convenient to change my appellation again, and having sought for a good one, I at length fixed upon the one by which you have known me. I was called, ‘*Le Capitaine Davenport*,’ and cherished a moustache and became a swell.

“Who should arrive there, shortly after I had taken up my abode, but Emma!—who was now married, and consequently had assumed the title under which you will most easily recognise her—Mrs. Massingham!

“ It appeared that she, in despair at my loss and unable to endure any longer the quiet of her lonely home, and obeying the promptings of the mind which I had so insidiously corrupted, eloped with the colonel of an infantry regiment then quartered in the district. She was afterwards married to him, and accompanied her husband, for a short period, to India. Poor old Fern died of a broken-heart, within a month after she had run away ! Emma’s remorse was great at his loss, she always accuses herself as having been his murderer. She wears his portrait suspended round her neck, and the bare mention of his name would drive her into convulsions. Some precious scenes I have witnessed of that sort !

“ Massingham, in time, became a general, and ill-health had driven him from India. There was nothing to like about him, he was a peevish, ill-tempered man, with a skin as yellow as his guineas. But how brilliant was his young wife, in all the fresh glories of womanhood !

“You may suppose that my exchequer was none of the fullest; I could not live for ever on the produce of my Emigration frauds, so that I found it extremely convenient to be on the most intimate terms with the Massinghams. Of course, it was my policy to make myself most acceptable to him; and, to lead him to suppose that my affection for his house was purely disinterested! and he gave me great encouragement at first. But Emma—how that woman doted upon me! I say it without vanity, and without motive now, (for my game is pretty well up there) that I never beheld such love—such devotion—such idolatry, as she lavished on me. I can liken it’s intensity to nothing but the mid-day blaze of the summer sun! She did her utmost to control and conceal it at first—but it would not do. I triumphed again! she yielded herself up to all the enjoyment of my society, and threw herself in abandonment at my feet!

“Old Gamboge peered through his jaundiced optics ; and, for a wonder, saw clearly enough ; he grew wondrous jealous ; he ordered his wife to receive no more visits from me ; and even to avoid my society ; and he gave me to understand that a respectful distance between his house and wife and me, would be desirable.

“We met, of course, all the same ; but he did not last long to interfere with our projects. He died and was buried, and there was an end of him. He had left his widow an annuity, which she was to lose if she married again ! A selfish old hunk ! Under other circumstances, I might have married her ; as it was, I thought better of it ; but, I invariably comforted her with the assurance that I would do so, as soon as I could afford it ; [and, by that means, I secured her active co-operation in every undertaking, which she fondly hoped might expedite the wished-for period.

“I had taken to card-playing with consider-

able success. I made the acquaintance of Avonmore there, and won a good round sum of him—more than he could pay at the moment; but, nevertheless, I lent him more (which I borrowed from the fair widow); and, in consequence, he thought me a capital fellow. I went to London; and, under my new name, set up as a money-lender. I became acquainted with Harry Mortimer; and there Lord Avonmore also took me by the hand and introduced me to shoals of young men of his acquaintance—many of whom were glad of my assistance. So I acquired a name and connection, and passed as a wealthy man, although I was but, in fact, the agent between the lender and the borrower. I became possessed of that smart town-house by lending more money upon it than the owner could repay, and then I seized it. I kept horses and gave dinners—all of which, tended to sustain the character I had acquired.

“I met your wife in society, and thought her lovely. I obtained an introduction, and

you know pretty well all the rest. Suffice it to say, her image entirely superseded Emma Massingham's in my mind. If I had succeeded in marrying her, I might have turned out a better man—however, as I am confessing my sins, I will allow that I never despaired of ultimately gaining over Mrs. Horn. I perceived that access to her must be arrived at through you, therefore, I cultivated your acquaintance, and induced you to settle in London.

“ My conduct towards Emma was, of course, one tissue of duplicity—for I required her assistance, and feared her jealousy. It did not enter into my plan that you should tumble in love with her—for it was Mrs. Villars whom I intended should lead you astray ; she, however, failed to attract you, and I saw it was necessary to make you believe that your admiration for Mrs. Massingham was mutual. That little rascal, Absalom, whom I recommended you to engage in your service,

kept me informed as to everything that was passing in your household, so that you observe—hush! surely I hear the sound of something, wheels, eh? Look, in the moonlight, there is a man getting over the fence—he is approaching this way—I hope it is the expected accomplice of the sleeping beauty here, otherwise it might be awkward! We had better rouse him up at all events,—Hist here, Stunner!” said Miles, giving him a kick on his foot, “here’s your brother thief coming!”

The Stunner was up in a moment.

“ ‘ Who did you say ? ’ asked he.

“ Davenport pointed in the direction of the figure, the cracksman’s quick eye detected it in a moment.

“ ‘ Oh ! its all right ! its sneaking Bill, the fishmonger ! ’ ”

CHAPTER XVI.

MR. WATKINS gave his low, peculiar whistle, which the 'fish-monger,' returned, and then walked up to the hovel. He stared when he made out the dim outline of two strangers.

“ Friends, all friends here, Bill! Two flash kids—breakers from the Navy Club—sure of something smart if cotched—the floating academy at Woolwich or Portsmouth—or, perhaps, game for Tuck-up-Fair! Well, how's the job, lively?”

"Too lively by half!" said Bill, who had a very husky voice, "if you'd come, when I first gave notice, we should have had it as snug as could be, only a gardener in the house. Now the family is back, old codger and servant, a young woman and child; and to-night, as I was laying in the plantation, on the look-out, another chap arrived; walked across from the coach, I guess, for a country-man showed him the way, and carried his bag; but the thing is easy done, if we're quiet; and if so be, we are disturbed, we must just bolt through the shrubbery; nobody can't see you."

"Well, come on, who's afeard? I'm ready for the spree!" exclaimed the "Stunner," getting quite excited at the prospect of the sport.

"So, am I!" said Davenport, rising and taking a farewell benediction from the brandy-bottle.

"And so am I!" said Horn, finishing all that was left.

“Sneaking Bill” led the way towards the fence, at which he had first become visible; on the other side was a road, he whistled, and a shaggy dog, dragging a small cart, ran up to him. It appeared that Bill was, in ostensible profession, an itinerant fishmonger, and, by that means, obtained access to houses, and was enabled to pick up useful information; the dog-cart was now to be employed to carry off the plunder.

As they walked along the flat road that ran at the foot of the Downs, Bill was occupied in describing the internal arrangement of the house in question, and his plan for effecting an entry. It appeared that, at the further extremity of the house, there was a conservatory, the door of which would be found locked, but the hinge-plates were old, and fastened with only three screws in each, which were easily removable; then there was only a single door, which opened into the drawing-room, the lock of which could be easily prized with the

jemmy. They would find plenty of articles lying about there, and in the dining-room, worth handling; but the plate was kept in the pantry, where the man-servant slept. He suggested, therefore, that one should be stationed outside to keep clear a retreat, two should go in company to prig the plate, and the fourth should be stationed on the stair-case to prevent intrusion from the inmates, for there was but one stair-case for the bed-rooms.

The duties were thus assigned to each; "the Fishmonger" was to keep watch outside; "the Stunner" and Davenport were selected for grabbing the valuables, and for settling the man servant, and Horn's post was on the stair-case. It was, at first, proposed that this latter should remain as outside guard; but Davenport had his doubts as to whether his friend would remain there, thinking that Adrian's fears might get the upper hand, and carry him away incontinently, whereupon, it was arranged as above.

The "Stunner," in giving his final directions, observed, that he never wished to draw blood if he could possibly avoid it; but if required, he should think no more of smashing a scone than of cracking a nut.

"Half-and-half measures won't do; and any one who turns tail upon me, shall find no mercy from this little tormentor, though I pursues them to the end of the earth!" said he, meaningly, and drawing down a life-preserver from his sleeve.

They had by this time arrived at a lane that turned off to the left. A sharpish pull brought them to the gate of the drive leading up to the house; the inmates of which were sleeping, so unconsciously of the plot that was laid around them. It was to be hoped that they were sleeping; better lose their gold than their lives; an alarm might lead to murder!

The robbers did not cross the stable-yard, for the moonlight might have revealed them;

but they made their way through a plantation at the back, and emerged beyond the other side of the house. They jumped over a bank, and then they were in a flower garden. There was the little conservatory; they set to work instantly at the door. There were no windows on that side of the house, so that they stood secure from probable observation. It was wonderful how rapid the practised hands were at their work; the hinges on one side were detached in a minute, and then they could pull the door open sufficiently for the purpose.

There still remained one other communicating with the drawing-room. It was half glass, with an inside shutter. This presented further difficulties, for on shaking it very gently, the cracksman discerned that there was a cross-bar within, with a bell hung upon it. He had now recourse to a glazier's diamond, and quickly cut out one of the panes; then, with a centre-bit, he cut a hole in the shutter, sufficiently large to admit his hand and arm at full length.

He caught hold of the bell and handed it to his friends, then he unhitched the iron bar, and let it down, and turned the key of the lock, which was there inside, and then the three men entered the drawing-room.

Watkins peered about with the assurance of a professional; Davenport appeared quite eager and in enjoyment of the excitement; Horn followed his leaders, looking terrified, awed by the danger he was incurring, and, perhaps, smarting under some pangs of awakened conscience. Adrian Horn turned burglar! Did any thoughts of his wife and child arise in that dread moment, or was it cowardly fear of the consequences?

Davenport broke the stillness by stumbling over a foot-stool—Adrian was panic-stricken, and with an exclamation was about to rush back. Watkins seized him by the skirts, and with an uplifted fist to his face, arrested his progress.—They paused for a while—not a sound was heard so they went on with their

work. Sundry articles of filigree were pocketed, and then they passed into the dining-room, the shutters and windows of which they opened, to provide a shorter exit in case of need. Some bottles were on the side-board, and they helped themselves to a draught of their contents. Horn was then placed upon the stair-case, to give notice or to prevent, if possible, any assistance arriving from that quarter, whilst they sought the pantry. The door was opened gently—the man was sound asleep—one stood over him—Adrian could hear him snore. He ascended a few steps and looked along the passage above. There was a door partly open just upon the landing, and there was the glimmering of a faint lamp from within. All was still—Horn took courage and mounted a little higher—he approached the door—he pushed it softly, and had the curiosity to look in—some one lay sleeping there—he advanced further—it was a woman. He entered, there was a child's cot by the side of her mother—

he gazed again—he lifted up the lamp from the chimney-piece—he had heard his own name whispered in a dream—he started, and the perspiration oozed upon his brow—he flared the light by the bed-side—Heavenly powers! it was his wife!

The action had awakened her, she stared with horror and affright, she screamed—he let fall the lamp upon the ground.

“ Can I believe my eyes? is it Adrian? or do I dream, or am I mad, speak!” exclaimed Ellen.

“ There was a cry from below.—Help! Murder! Thieves! was shouted—Horn ran to the stairs—a door at the end of the passage was thrown open—he heard his comrades flying through the hall to the dining-room—he rushed back to the bed-room—

“ Save me, Ellen, for Heaven’s sake!”

A sash was flung up, and a pistol shot was heard with a cry, Horn flew to the window,

opened it and jumped out, and another shot was fired !

The household was alarmed, and all was in confusion ; lights were seen moving about, Mr. Brown much agitated appeared in his dressing-gown, Richard Horn (for it was he) having flung on his clothes, with a speed to which he was not unaccustomed, was quickly in pursuit, and scampered down stairs exclaiming :

“ I hit one of the villains, and brought him down on the lawn ! ”

The faithful servant was more frightened than hurt, and Richard and he ran out upon the lawn ; sure enough there was a body lying upon its face. The robber was shot through the back, but he was not lifeless. They dragged him into the dining-room and laid him on the floor. When lights were brought, Richard cried out with surprise :

“ Why it’s that swindler Thompson ! ”

Mrs. Horn had by this time descended, in

intense agony of mind, believing that it was her husband that lay writhing on the ground.

“What, you here?” exclaimed Miles, his lustre-less eyes lighting up with sudden frenzy, “so you have taken up with your gallant preserver!”

“He is my husband’s long lost brother!” cried she.

“Brother! then there’s fratricide been doing here! if Adrian has fallen by his hand, I die contented and revenged. *My* blood be upon *your* head! Happy nuptials; I told you they should be accursed, and I despaired not to the end!”

He grew incoherent in his speech and his mind wandered. Emma and Ellen, he called them by their names and then laughed.—He breathed deeply, then fixed his eyes on Ellen:

“Oh, I am dying—dying—dying—dying!” those were the last words of Miles Davenport—and his body fell heavily upon the ground!

The "Stunner" and the scared Adrian had escaped for the present; the former was soon afterwards caught, handed over to justice, and paid the penalty due to his crimes. "Sneaking Bill" was over the hills and far away in his dog-cart, and next morning he was selling fish, as if nothing unusual had occurred.

CHAPTER XVIII.

ELLEN's life was despaired of for some time—a brain-fever laid her prostrate. She was to be removed as soon as possible, for that place was too full of horrors for her to regain tranquillity there. Her very soul sickened at the last scene she had witnessed.

Mr. Brown had taken a hatred to Downmore; indeed, the whole party longed to get away. The excellent old gentleman had determined upon purchasing "The Retreat," a

spot where Ellen's fancy seemed to linger; she often mentioned it, as replete with memorials of bright days. She awoke as if from a dream, when she found herself there once more, in her own bed-room, just as it used to be, and Betsy Winton come to visit her. To enjoy the present were wise and grateful, but to shut out the past—impossible!

* * * * *

Richard stood in the garden, one day, facing the water-gates; he was thoughtful—he could never forget his interview with his brother there, and how fervently and oft he had returned thanks that his aim had erred, and that he had been spared taking that brother's life!

A man stood at the gates—a miserable looking object—a suppliant, apparently. Richard advanced quickly towards him, to relieve his wants, recollecting how he had stood there before, an abject wanderer!

“Richard!—brother!—save me! I am Adrian—your wretched, wretched brother—for Heaven’s sake, let me in and hide me!” exclaimed he, extending both his hands.

Richard instantly opened the gate; the poor, terrified creature cowered under the wall, looking wildly over his shoulder.

“Brother,” said Richard, “it is sad to meet thus!”

“Oh, it’s sad, indeed!—would that I were dead! I am not mad, though they locked me up, and chained me, and swore that I was! The keepers are at my heels!—where will you hide me? Oh, that the ground would open and receive me in its bosom! I cannot rest—I cannot sleep, brother, day or night—but I am not mad! See, I recollect your coming here—and oh, had I received you as a brother, I might have been happy, for you would have saved me all this weight of misery. Where’s Ellen and my child? They would not know me, now, I’m grown so old!”

His morbid senses caught the sound of footsteps, and Adrian crouched behind a tree.

It was the servant. Two keepers were at the door, a maniac had escaped and they had traced him here !

Adrian heard every word. He darted off up the lawn, shouting and laughing, that they should not catch him, that he could fly like the wind, and would never be caught alive !

At that moment, two stout men appeared coming down. Adrian almost rushed into their arms. There was a wrestle and violent struggle—Richard ran forward to induce them to treat his poor brother as gently as possible—he would pay anything to alleviate his condition.

But the paroxysm seemed over, for he was quiet now—he never moved again—he was a corpse !

He was buried in the old church-yard, under the yews.

Daily his widow leads little Nell, to scatter fresh flowers on his tomb.

* * * * *

Little more remains to be told. They continued at "The Retreat;" and there Mr. Brown, thoroughly beloved, breathed his last. Richard, of course, was heir to all; but he had not abandoned his profession, or retired from the element which he called his own. The schooner, which was christened "The Brothers," was more prosperous in her course than they had been, though, like them, tossed by the stormy waves and adverse gales, yet never parted a timber, but remained tight and fast to the end. She played a conspicuous part afterwards, by being armed on an emergency, at her Captain's risk and expense, and employed in destroying a nest of pirates, who, in their prahus, had done serious damage to the British shipping.

For this signal service, her Commander received the honor of knighthood at the hands of his Sovereign, and shortly after, he even attained to that degree of eminence, that he was noticed by the "Morning Post," which affirmed that "Sir Richard Horn had led to the Hymeneal Altar, the beautiful and accomplished daughter of William Hoskyns, Esquire!"

Mrs. Massingham took leave of Ellen Horn in a letter full of tenderness and good feeling, saying, that she bade farewell to London and to the world, that she hoped to pass the remainder of her days in retirement, and in works of charity, and that she had bought the house where last she had beheld the dearly beloved parent, whose life she had sacrificed.

Much communication takes place between "The Retreat," and "The Farm." Richard has made the old boy very comfortable, and has even provided a husband for pretty Susan, in the person of Jim Dabbs, who was his mate

of "The Brothers," and has turned out a dashing and handsome seaman.

Harry Mortimer's sister died; and he has entered, at last, upon his inheritance at Harrington Court, in failure of other issue, as specially devised by his father; but a fit has rendered him a wretched cripple now, incapable of any amusement.

"Carry" eloped, and finished her career abroad.

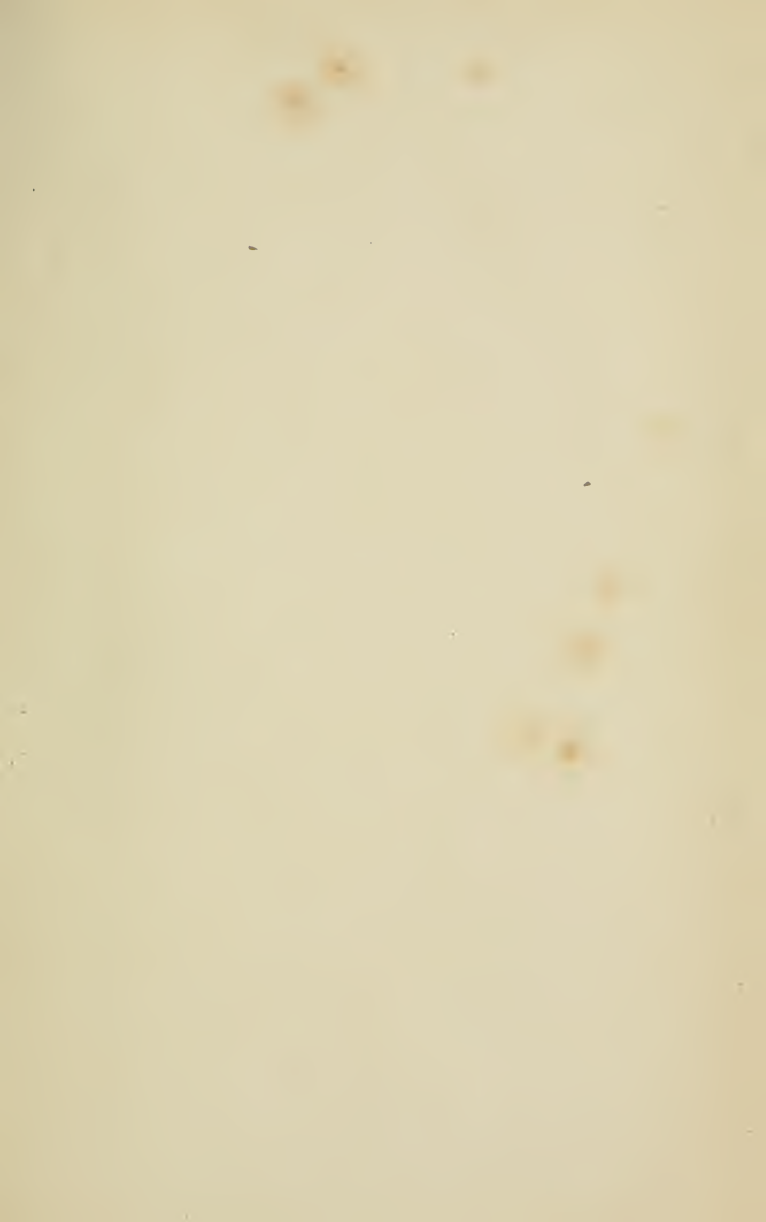
The ship in which Wiggle embarked never arrived at her destination; she was supposed to have sunk with all on board.

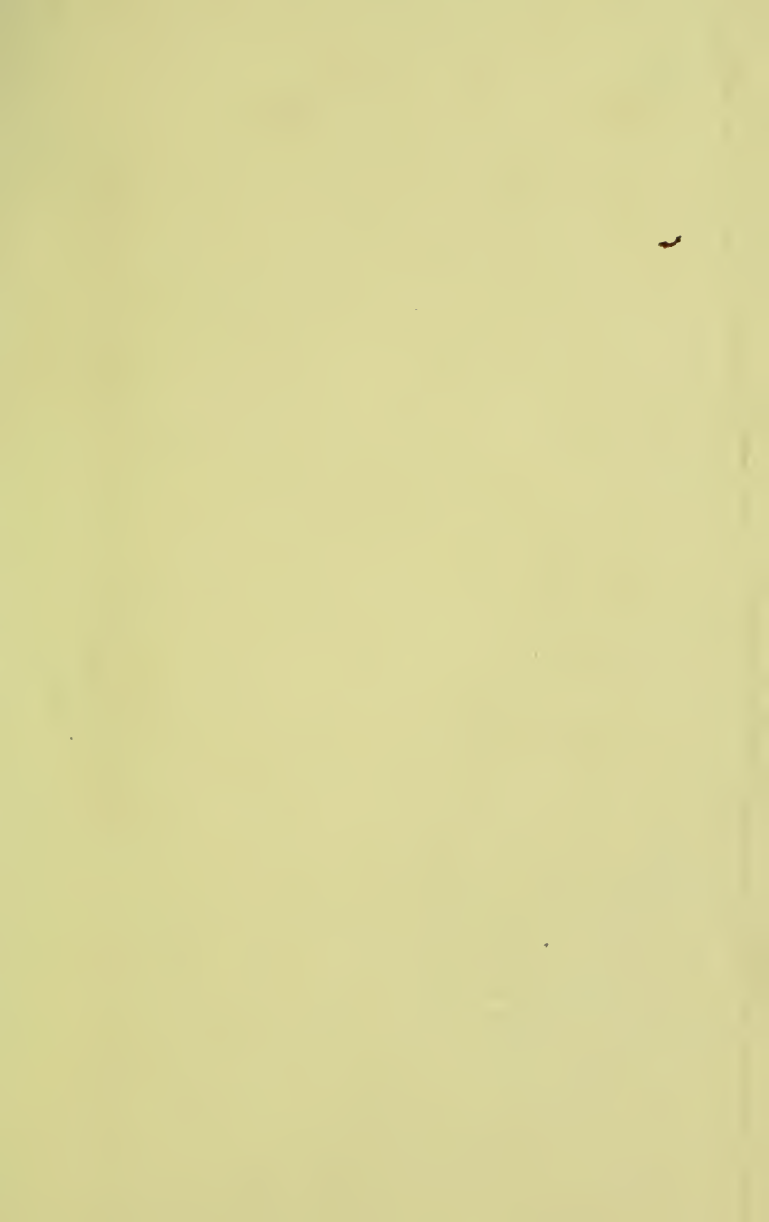
Sir Vorton Vamp was, at one time, sweeping a crossing in the city, not liking to face his friends in the west, but it has since been reported that he was seen alone at the end of Calais pier, where he was waiting for an appointment.

Reader, if you have had patience to follow the characters of our tale, through all the chequered scenes of life, you will probably be as ready as we are to cry Enough of

ROUGH AND SMOOTH.

THE END.





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